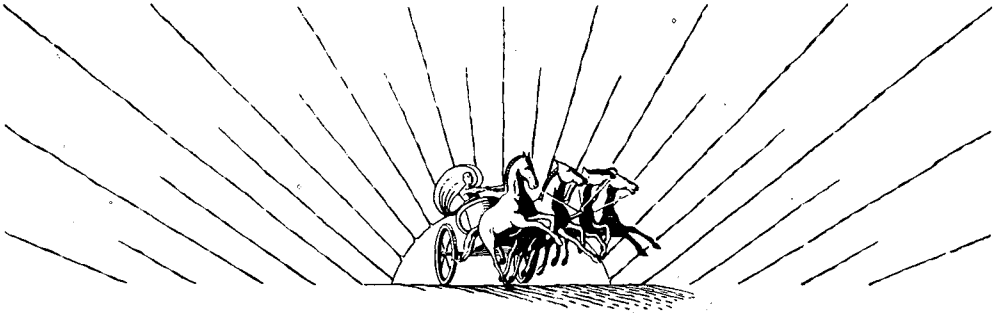

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Contents for January 16, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD 125

WHAT CHINA NEEDS TO-DAY . . . . . *Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang* 131
The Christian General's Political Platform

PREFACE TO 'ONE HUNDRED YEARS . . . . . *Lev Tolstoi* 136
A Canon of Novel-Writing from the Days of Dignity in Literature

COMMUNISM IN AMERICA . . . . . *X X X* 141
Soviet Strategy in the Western Hemisphere

A SPRING SUNDAY IN CAPE TOWN . . . . . *C. Z. Klötzel* 143
A Pen-Picture from the Puritan Antipodes

PRIMITIVE MAN . . . . . *Denis Turner* 147
A Poem

THE LAND OF TWO RIVERS . . . . . *F. W. Chardin* 148
A British Description of Mosul and Its People

QUESTIONS . . . . . *H. R. B.* 153
A Poem

THE WAYS OF MR. WELLS . . . . . *Richard Church* 154
Thoughts Apropos of His Latest Novel

KEYSERLING AS A PHILOSOPHER . . . . *Rabindranath Tagore* 158
A Philosopher of the East on a Philosopher of Cosmopolis

THE WAGNER CYCLE AT BAYREUTH . . . . . *Guido Michelli* 160
Perpetuating the Master's Work in His Own City

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS 164

BOOKS ABROAD 168

NEW BOOKS IN FRANCE 170

15¢ A COPY — *The Living Age Company, Boston* — $5 A YEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD AND OTHER PAPERS

By A. EDWARD NEWTON

The Greatest Book in the World is, of course, the Bible, and Mr. Newton knows all the rare editions. Among the subjects treated in other chapters are colored-plate books, sporting-books, London "shows" in the eighteen-eighties, Gilbert and Sullivan, and the Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Shelley group. Intensely personal and so intensely human, these essays are collections of delightfully sauntering thoughts, knit together, but loosely enough to wear well, and comfortably.

With eighty illustrations, largely from the author's collection. $5.00

ACCORDING TO SAINT JOHN

By LORD CHARNWOOD

The thousands of readers of Lord Charnwood's masterly biographies of Lincoln and Roosevelt will find that in his new book he has again done a difficult thing well.

In his unusually skillful and concise manner, Charnwood sifts the evidence regarding the long disputed authorship of the Gospel according to Saint John, and shows the place of all the Gospels in the development of the Christian Church and its beliefs.

$3.50

A SHORT HISTORY OF SPAIN

By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

With a preface by J. D. M. Ford, chairman of the Department of Romance Languages, Harvard University

An inclusive initiation into Spanish life and literature, Mr. Sedgwick's book combines scholarly understanding of the matter in hand with a real feeling for the telling phrase.

Mr. Sedgwick's interpretation of that background is keenly sympathetic, and his appreciation of Spain's great creative periods is in every way intelligent, and discriminating. *A Short History of Spain* bids fair to becoming the standard work in its field and attaining the same authoritative position which his *A Short History of Italy* has held for nearly twenty years.

With illustrations. $3.50

At all booksellers

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find..... (or charge my account) and mail, postpaid, books checked.

Name.....

Address.....

We supply all books advertised or reviewed in the* Living Age, *as well as any book in print, at the usual retail price. Send for catalogues.

THE LIVING AGE. Published weekly. Publication office, RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 17, Mass. 15c a copy, $5.00 a year; foreign postage $1.50. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED BY UMSG

THE NEW COVER

Many of our readers will be interested to learn that the gay new dress we are wearing in this our eighty-second year is the creation of Mr. Thacher Nelson, artist and designer and resident of Boston.

STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

January 16, 1926

WHAT CHINA NEEDS TO-DAY. Who is Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang? How does he suggest making China into a real republic? What system of government does he advocate? How does he suggest ensuring the peace and well-being of China? Under what handicaps is the country now suffering?

PREFACE TO ONE HUNDRED YEARS. What, according to Tolstoi, are the two basic guides of life? What "eternal conflict" has he set himself to describe?

COMMUNISM IN AMERICA. How does the Communist Party operate in the United States? What are the chief centres of Communist activity in South America?

THE LAND OF TWO RIVERS. Locate Irak, Bagdad, the Persian Gulf, Mosul, the Tigris. What are the two distinct entities of people in Irak? Why would the principle of self-determination strictly applied be of doubtful benefit? Discuss the chief difficulties in the way of a peaceful settlement of this whole problem.

KEYSERLING AS A PHILOSOPHER. What difficulties that stand in the way of most travelers from the West did Count Keyserling succeed in overcoming when he visited India?

STUDY AT HOME

Directed by

The University of Chicago

Courses in English, History, Chemistry, Business, Education, Mathematics, Psychology, and 35 other subjects command credit toward a Bachelor degree. Begin any time. Address 29 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Have you read this Pulitzer Prize Biography?

BARRETT WENDELL AND HIS LETTERS

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

READERS of Barrett Wendell's letters, like the readers of the letters of Walter Hines Page, know that the age of the great letter-writers is not yet over.

Barrett Wendell was famous to forty classes of college men. His lectures and copious writings brought him a discriminating circle of general readers. But the letters reveal him — as letters sometimes do — as something more than a great teacher. Written to many sorts and conditions of men — they are chiefly the records of a vivid personal life, a life which he gave freely to others. — *The Outlook.*

Illustrated, blue cloth, gilt top

$4.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

INDIA UNDER BRITISH RULE — *By Karl Marx*

In 1853 the great revolutionary economist whose word is gospel in Russia wrote this prophecy of how he thought India would fare under British management. Seventy-seven years have passed since the article appeared, which makes it even more interesting than if it had been written yesterday.

UNOFFICIAL OBSERVERS IN POLAND

By Occasional Correspondents

Two pictures of modern Poland, one by a Russian, the other by a Swiss. In Warsaw they are tearing down the Orthodox Cathedral and breaking all the traffic rules. In Krakow, Central Europe convenes to do business.

A PROBLEM OF PSYCHOLOGY

By Vladimir d'Ormesson

In spite of Locarno, France and Germany still harbor mutual suspicions that have created a psychological situation of the utmost delicacy. This article attempts to sound these profound depths to the bottom.

A. A. MILNE — *By St. John Adcock*

Mr. Milne was once very young himself, and Mr. Adcock tells us how the celebrated author of children's verses carried on when he was a little shaver. We could, if we wanted, call this a literary treat, for that's what it is.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *JANUARY 16, 1926* — NO. 4254

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FASCISM IN FRANCE

GEORGES VALOIS, a leader of the French Fascisti, described the purpose of the movement in an interview published in *La Tribuna* of Rome. After relating briefly its inception among the Royalists, who repudiate parliamentary institutions as a matter of doctrine but took part in the elections of 1909 and of 1924, — where, incidentally, they were thoroughly whipped, — he said: 'Intellectually and sentimentally I belong to the same family as the Italian Fascisti. . . . Parliamentary institutions have proved themselves perfectly worthless both during the war and since peace was signed. . . . The collapse of representative government is universal. Every nation in Europe is casting about for new institutions. We French find the problem the more urgent because of our financial difficulties.' Replying to the suggestion that the French people were democrats at heart, he said: 'I am a man of the people. I lived among them during the war, and I assure you that there is nothing that they want more than competent leaders. They are ready to follow leaders, but insist that those leaders shall not come from any single class. If a man should seize power to-morrow, they would obey him without protest.'

M. Valois thereupon summarized the programme of the French Fascisti as follows: 'To give the nation a chief, to abolish legislative bodies, to set up a dictatorship of ex-soldiers and representatives of the producing classes, to coördinate rationally all the economic, intellectual, and moral forces of the nation with the object of making France a great country in a Europe organized for peace.'

Le Matin calls for *l'union sacrée*, and not for a dictator. It summarizes the situation as follows: 'Our situation is tragical, and it is ridiculous. It is tragical in its results, and ridiculous in its pettiness.' A great majority of the Members of Parliament are honest men and patriotic Frenchmen, but they have lost their free will and liberty of action, and are afflicted with a sort of political paralysis.

But France is in danger. She is in the clutches of a foe more insidious and perilous than a physical invader.

Copyright 1926, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is only one salvation: 'Get together at once, gentlemen of the Chamber, and put at your head able men irrespective of party but competent and vigorous. Alas, there are not many such.' In other words, the moment for *l'union sacrée* has come again, as it came in the darkest day of the war.

The Clerical *Écho de Paris* is clamorous for Fascist methods, and lauds Italian Fascism as 'irresistible will to restore the nation personified.' To read this journal one might imagine that a Bolshevist revolt was imminent in France. 'If to-morrow finds our streets in the possession of rioters and the army helpless to repress them, well and good. The patriotic associations of young men [that is, the Fascisti] will mobilize. Their political societies and military formations and chosen leaders will make this easy. Every good Frenchman will spring to the barricades that the Bolsheviki have raised.'

✻

A CONSTRUCTIVE FIGHTER

CIVIL war looms so large on China's horizon just at present that questions like tariff autonomy, abolishing extraterritoriality, and the antiforeign movement fill a very small place in the picture. Presumably military operations have also put a stop to the extensive road-work that General Feng Yu-hsiang was carrying out last autumn in the district under his jurisdiction. This was the kind of improvement that has many precedents in the history of our frontier, for its purpose was to open new territories for settlement.

General Feng's projects include — or did include until his attention was distracted by the present campaign — a motor road across the Gobi Desert, a distance of four hundred miles, which he proposes to extend another two hundred miles. This will enable him to assert his authority effectively over a vast frontier-territory and give him an alternative route to the Urga road for obtaining military and other supplies from Russia. He is employing over two thousand soldiers on this work, which is proceeding at the rate of two or three miles a day. Simultaneously he is grading for an extension of the Peking-Suiyuan Railway to Wuyuan, about one hundred and twenty miles farther on. Grading costs only twenty per cent of the entire outlay, and the completion of the extension may be delayed by lack of materials, for Feng Yu-hsiang himself has blocked all moves to repay the people — mostly Americans — who supplied the materials for the present line. In addition to road and railway construction, the Christian General has launched an ambitious irrigation scheme intended to attract surplus settlers from the overpopulated Southern and Central provinces. Vast tracts on the upper reaches of the Yellow River afford some of the best wheat-country in the world. One such project has nearly half as large an area as Wales, and the entire scheme will provide farms to support one million people. Feng purchases this land from the Mongolian princes at a very low price, as it is used at present only for grazing, and sells it to Chinese immigrants at a sufficient increase to pay for the irrigation works.

✻

SHORTENING SAIL IN INDUSTRY

THE announcement that Vickers, Ltd., the largest engineering concern in Great Britain, has reorganized with a reduction of over £12,000,000 in its total capital of nearly £24,000,000 was a startling announcement to the financial world. This is not the only incident of the kind that has recently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occurred abroad. The Dunlop Tire people have recently reduced their capital by more than £10,500,000.

Of course, this action is merely a matter of bookkeeping, but it is symptomatic of a certain tightening of the girth to which many inflated war industries both abroad and in America have had to resort. Vickers, Ltd., whose interests are international, was the most prominent of the great British arms and munitions manufacturers during the war. It is with this firm that the mysterious sources of wealth of Sir Basil Zaharoff have been associated.

The Labor *Daily Herald* insists upon finding a semi-Socialist moral in the deflation of this company, which it brackets with the collapse of the Stinnes concerns in Germany. Not only have highly paid managers and captains of industry subjected themselves to the suspicion of inefficiency and incompetence, but the reign of the men who during the war made fantastic profits and dictated their orders to governments has proved a short one. 'In the world of to-day the power of industrial capital is small by comparison with the power of financial capital. The bankers who control the great accumulations of money control also the industrialists who must come to them for credits to enable them to conduct their businesses. It was only the inflation policy of the war years which loosened that control and gave the industrialists new but ephemeral freedom of power. As soon as stabilization and deflation came, as soon as money became scarce and credits harder to get, the power of the banks reasserted itself.'

Whatever comfort the Labor editor takes in this reflection is heightened by the further consideration that the Vickers misfortune is in no way attributed 'to high wages, short hours, laziness, unrest, and general manifestation of original sin on the part of the workers.'

*

UNCLE SAM IN THE EYES OF HIS FRIENDS AND HIS CRITICS

UNDER the title of 'Mr. Coolidge and His Halo,' the London *Daily News* took the President to task in a short leader for what it described as the Pharisee's-prayer quality of his address last autumn to the New York Chamber of Commerce. 'The author of that prayer also thanked God that he was not as other men are, and recorded with the same smirking self-satisfaction his financial righteousness and his virtuous self-restraint. No rich parvenu can ever have addressed the humblest poor relation in a tone of more offensively oleaginous patronage than this.'

The editor admitted that Europe does owe an immense debt to the unselfish efforts of individual Americans like Mr. Hoover, and recognized, though coldly, our technical right to withdraw as a nation from other peoples' troubles, and while rich ourselves 'to extract from the poverty of the Old World the utmost farthing' of our legal dues. The editor then continued:—

> We are even ready to recognize that some incidental advantages to Europe have followed the adoption of this attitude on the part of America; as a money-lender of a philosophical turn of mind might claim that the effort to meet his exactions had stimulated his debtors to an energy and a parsimony which they otherwise never would have displayed. But when President Coolidge makes this attitude, which it is just possible to defend as not legally incorrect, a matter for eulogy on high moral grounds it is impossible not to remind him that a single gesture on the part of America would have been of infinitely more value to suffering Europe than all the minute and dubious benefactions which he has been at such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pains to collect. If to help Europe was really the aim of America, she had merely to write off her debt, as this far poorer country was prepared to do in the case of her debtors. That she did not choose to do so is her affair and no business of ours. She was within her rights in refusing to do it. But in refusing she forfeited all claim to a halo; and the attempt to don it now is, in European eyes, not merely ridiculous, but a little odious.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., the Labor leader whom certain zealous patriots attempted to refuse a hearing at Hartford, — an incident that he passed over as having only trivial importance, — has returned to England from America with a pleasing impression of our country as a whole and especially of our material prosperity. Nevertheless, he sees certain dangers in our present method of production. Describing his experiences on this side of the Atlantic to a representative of the London *Observer*, he said: —

The outstanding impression made upon my mind was the remarkable period of prosperity which the American people are experiencing. It seems to include all classes of the community, and there is the most hopeful spirit everywhere as to its continuance. Making every allowance for natural and national resources, commercial and industrial life moves on a scale and by such methods as certainly produce a very high standard of production. Highly organized from the purely industrial standpoint, with output the primary consideration, the manufacturers and those responsible for the direction of great business enterprises see to it that modern plant and the most up-to-date methods of production are applied with the view not only of maintaining but of improving national production. In fact, it did appear to me that if there was a danger it lay in the possible deterioration of the human factor through loss of skill which, in the course of time, must be the inevitable result of working a system that uses this factor only to supplement automatic and mechanical appliances.

AVIATION QUARRELS AND QUERIES

A LITTLE flurry was aroused in the House of Commons some weeks ago by information elicited by questions addressed to the Air Minister to the effect that thirty Curtis engines and 2261 parachutes had been ordered from American makers to the exclusion of British manufactures. The Minister defended his action in case of the Irving parachutes on the ground that they were a patented article, adopted because they proved the most suitable for the service, and that about one third of those ordered would be made in Great Britain. The airplane engines were said to be for experimental purposes. Aviation departments abroad as well as at home apparently have the knack of arousing controversies, perhaps because they are the youngest branch of the defense system and have much to learn from experience.

La France Militaire discusses what is a moot question with us — the respective merits of a separate or a united Air Department. Japan and the United States are cited as examples of countries that still keep their naval and army flying forces distinct. Great Britain has adopted the policy of centralization, though the task of combining the preëxisting services has not been an easy one. Italy has also what is tantamount to united service under Mussolini's personal direction. But both countries provide that airplanes operating with the navy shall be manned and commanded by naval men and those operating with the army by army men. France has not yet attempted to unify the service, although there are arguments in favor of so doing. The journal quoted says:—

No doubt whatever exists as to the necessity of centralizing technical research within a single body, because aviation engineers of the first rank are too rare to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scattered about in different services, and also for reasons of economy. Our Undersecretary of Aeronautics has succeeded in demonstrating the advantage of this in practice. Our chief problem is to secure closer coöperation between this undersecretariat and the War and the Navy Departments in the study of engineering and defense questions.

Meanwhile the Germans are pressing the Allies to remove the present obstacles to civil aviation in their country. It was originally intended to begin negotiations at Paris on the fourth of last December, but they were postponed, ostensibly for the purpose of enabling the Allied delegates to procure fuller data regarding certain points likely to come up in the discussion. The removal of the present restrictions, naturally only so far as they affect civil aviation, would be a logical outcome of the Locarno Agreement. It is confessedly difficult to distinguish between a civil and a military airplane — at least between civil airplanes that can be converted easily to military uses and those that cannot, if indeed the latter class exists. Among the existing disabilities against which Germany particularly protests are the prohibition against flying in the Rhineland and the right claimed by the Allies to exercise a certain degree of supervision over airplanes passing in and out the country.

✽

THEY STILL DO IT IN ENGLAND

THE following Greek epigram by E. J. Frank of King Edward's School, Birmingham, recently won a prize at that institution. It is in memory of E. D. Morel, the Anglo-French pacifist, to whom the world probably owes more than to any other single individual the abolition of the abuses in the Congo, and the most courageous protests against some of the abuses of the last war.

Ὦ πολὺ μισηθεὶς ἥκιστά περ' ὢν μισητός,
κλῦτί μου, ἢν ἀκοὴν κἂν φθιμένοις ἔτ' ἔχῃς.
μίσησάν ο' ἀμαθεῖς μὲν ὅσοις τ' ἀπλακήματ' ἐμέμψω,
στέρξουσιν δέ σ' ἀεὶ τοῖς μέγει εὐσεβίης.
ἄξιον ἦν θανέειν σε καθιζόμενον παρὰ κείνῳ
ὃν βιάσαντο πιεῖν φάρμακα Κεκρόπιοι.
ὑστερίσας δ' ἄρα κωνείου κατάβας ὑπὸ γαίης
νέκταρος οὐχ ἥξεις συμποσίου κατόπιν.

This may be translated: —

O thou who suffered most hatred deserving least, hear me, if thou canst hear even among the dead. They who hated thee were barbarous men, and those whose crimes thou hadst denounced; but they who care for righteousness will ever love thee. It would have been thy right to die seated by the philosopher whom the Athenians compelled to drink poison; but though thou camest too late to share his hemlock, there is still time to drink nectar with him in the world below.

✽

A PROBLEM IN PENOLOGY

BUCHAREST has been more or less agog for a year or two over the feats and fortunes of a famous bandit named Tomescu who has made himself the terror of the lower Danube valley. Until diverted from the path of rectitude by the persecution of the authorities, Tomescu was an honorable, public-spirited highwayman who robbed the rich and distributed his booty among the poor. So puritanical were his principles, in fact, that during a long career in his hazardous profession he had not killed a single man. At length, as years multiplied upon his shoulders, he conceived the idea of retiring honorably from his public-spirited vocation, and took a job as night watchman for a large estate, where he conducted himself excellently — and, needless to say, efficiently.

Unfortunately, one of his former

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

road-companions fell into the hands of the gendarmes and was induced to betray the whereabouts of his old leader, who would otherwise have escaped attention, since he was beloved and protected by the poor, who constitute the majority in most countries, and especially along the lower Danube.

With this information in their hands the police, who had been suspiciously dilatory in hunting down this object of their pursuit, arrested the famous bandit and incarcerated him in the same cell with the informer. Shortly afterward the two prisoners, reënforced by the guard specially detailed to watch them, departed for parts unknown, apparently with the cognizance of the whole prison staff.

Unhappily, however, Tomescu's character has been utterly ruined by this experience. He is plying his original profession more actively than ever, and no longer stops at murder. A whole company of gendarmes has been detailed especially to take him; but the peasants, who are the principal beneficiaries of his activities, have so far successfully protected him. Among his recent exploits is that of walking into the house of a priest in broad daylight, although the priest was forewarned that an attempt might be made to rob him and had a guard of soldiers in front of his home. Tomescu disguised himself as a woman and, borrowing an infant for the occasion, secured admission to the residence on the plea that he wished the child baptized. Once inside, he garroted the priest and departed as he had come, with the baby and a hundred thousand lei of church money. He recently stopped an automobile carrying a party of wealthy tourists, relieved them of their surplus funds, that is, all but a few lei for their immediate use, entertained them for some time with his adventures, and, observing that they carried an expensive camera with them, had himself photographed as a memento of the pleasant meeting.

On the whole, Tomescu seems to afford a striking example of the demoralizing effect of even a short prison-term on an otherwise virtuous bandit.

FRANCE PLAYS DIOGENES

MARIANNE. 'Shall it be a Minister or a MAN?'
— *L'Écho de Paris*, Paris

A LABOR VIEW OF MOSUL

MR. BALDWIN AND MR. AMERY. 'It 's our patriotic duty to defend the flag.'
— *Daily Herald*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT CHINA NEEDS TO-DAY[1]

BY MARSHAL FENG YU-HSIANG

[In response to the many requests for a statement of what might be called his political platform, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang recently prepared the article of which the following is an authoritative translation. In view of Marshal Feng's influence in China's affairs, this statement is of more than passing interest.]

I joined the army at an early age, and began with the rank and file. I have been in the midst of many battles, fighting in Shensi, Honan, Hunan, and Szechwan. I have seen many soldiers wounded and killed, many people made destitute, and many homes laid waste. Reviewing the past, I cannot help being possessed by a feeling of sorrow and heartache.

Ever since our intercourse with foreign countries, our national status has been jeopardized and our territory has been gradually reduced. To-day is the time when everyone should be inspired to work for the salvation of the country. Instead, however, we see continuous internal strife. Thus the country is beset, not only with dangers from without, but also with misfortunes from within.

What sins have the people committed that they should be thus afflicted? Are we so badly lacking in ability for national upbuilding. Or is it that we do not take the trouble to think of the ways and means to achieve it?

I have made a study of the cause, and I have found where the trouble lies. It is not that there is no way to enrich or strengthen the country. The most important point is to replace the present tendency for mutual strife by a spirit of coöperation and mutual concession, sacrificing all party feelings and working with one heart and one soul for the protection of the country — those with intelligence to use their ability, and those with valor to use their strength. When this is done our object may be attained.

On account of pressure of official duties I have not had opportunity to make, as I should have wished to do, any definite statement. However, the events of the past have not escaped my memory, and the laying out of plans for the future has always been on my mind. Only since my arrival in Kalgan have I been able to find leisure to write about and express my views. This statement is published in response to the repeated requests of numerous friends. However, it is not to be taken as a publication of any literary merit, but only as a narration of opinions.

Feng Yu-hsiang

Office of the Director-General of Northwestern Frontier Defense, Sixth Moon, Fourteenth Year of the Republic of China (June 1925)

Although the Republic has been established for fourteen years, internal strife has not ceased. The country has not only suffered a heavy loss of life and property, but her place in the comity of nations has been considerably lowered. At this time, when the living

[1] From the *Peking Leader* (Chinese-owned, American-edited, English-language daily), *November 22*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the people has been rendered most difficult and the country is under the economic oppression of the foreign Powers, we cannot afford to see any more internal strife or to allow the country to continue in a state of chaos.

On account of the welfare of the people alone it is necessary to direct the administration toward a proper course. Not qualified for such work, I have heretofore refrained from discussing politics. Now that I am being pressed for opinions, I can only present the following four suggestions for the consideration of the intelligent public: —

1. *To Make the Country a Real Republic.* Our country, though already fourteen years a republic, is, as far as I can see, a republic only in name. To make her a real republic two things have to be done.

First, we have to foster public education, teaching the people the true meaning of democracy, imbuing them with the idea that the people are the masters of the country, and nourishing in them a power and desire to protect the Republic, so that anyone working against the Republic will be recognized as a public enemy and monarchical plots may not find soil to thrive on.

Then we have to eradicate all existing influences inimical to the Republic. There are still not a few conservatives among the people. These never fail to use the argument that the country is not yet ripe for a republic in preaching for a change in the form of government. Consequently the shortsighted and avaricious take advantage of this kind of thinking to scheme for the subversion of the Republic. Although they invariably fail disastrously in the end, yet, on account of the constant strife they bring about, great suffering is caused the people.

This is exemplified by the attempts of Yuan Shih-kai to become emperor and of Chang Hsun to restore the monarchy. Therefore, all propaganda against the Republic or for a change in the form of government should be prohibited by law and stigmatized by society.

Up to last year Pu Yi, on account of his empty title of emperor not having been abolished, with foreign assistance, and following the machinations of some conservatives, had been constantly waiting for an opportunity to make another movement for the restoration of the monarchy. Articles of artistic, literary, and historical value had continually been stolen out of his palace to be sent abroad to be added to the collections of foreign museums. Such action on his part might not only do great harm to the people, but might imperil the safety of his own person as well. That is the reason why I always advocated the abolition of the Imperial title, the throwing open to the public of the forbidden palace, and the working out of a plan for the Manchus to earn a livelihood.

Now that Pu Yi's title of emperor has been abolished and the private and public properties that have been in his keeping are no longer so, Pu Yi, on the one hand, besides getting out of his false position, will not fail to become a rich man in the Republic of China; and the country, on the other hand, while being able to have her national property preserved, will free herself of a peril against her safety.

The existence of an emperor bearing an empty title and holding court as if he still had a small government in the capital of the Republic, within whose sphere the jurisdiction of the Republic could not function, is against the principle of republicanism and calls for ridicule from neighboring States; hence it could not in the least be tolerated. Hereafter the republican form of government should be reserved as a thing absolutely inviolable, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duty of upholding it rests with the people. Being one of the people, I shall set myself up as an example.

2. *To Promote Self-Government.* Since our country has become a republic, there is no question but that her administrative system should be developed along the principle of a government by the people. While we must not adopt the system of any specific foreign country, nor take blindly to any doctrine that may be advanced, we do not need to shun them. No single system can be said to be the very best, but each is chosen simply because it suits the condition of the particular country and all doctrines have reasons for their being preached.

Those working for the welfare of the country should not hesitate to make a thorough study of them. The point lies in the capability to pick out what will serve the people most suitably.

The principles of self-government are government of the people by the people, universal love of freedom, mutual coöperation, refusal to countenance oppression, and refraining from oppressing. These are adaptable in Europe and America, in our country, and everywhere in the world.

Regarding Communism, considering the weakness of our country and the backwardness of her economic condition, the doctrine can never work, and therefore it cannot be adopted. As to Bolshevism, it is totally out of the question.

Using the principle of self-government to build up a nation means simply basing upon the spirit of a constitutional government the fostering of the right of the people to ensure the country's peace and advancement. At this time, when the right of the people is asserting itself everywhere in the world, there is no longer any possibility of maintaining a difference between the governing and the governed, not even out in the country where people are rather slow in the acceptance of the conception of the principle of self-government.

However, on account of constant disturbance, this country has not yet been able to promulgate a constitution; hence there is no basis on which to introduce local self-government and the Republic is only one in name, while the official system of government handed down by the previous régime remains. Consequently the country makes no progress.

Therefore it is of first importance to make a constitution. With the making of the constitution the foundation of the country will be laid. The Central Government can then introduce district self-government according to the stipulation in the constitution, putting an end to military government and doing away with all obstructions in the form of unequal privileges.

But meanwhile the people must be given the necessary training in theoretical education, twice as much as in actual practice; otherwise the government will be monopolized by a few of the unscrupulous gentry to the detriment of the various districts. To do this the Central Government should provide sufficient funds to establish investigating bureaus and lecture halls to teach proper citizenship.

When this has been widely disseminated definite plans must be laid out to direct the putting into practice of the teaching thus received. After this, inspecting parties must be sent out from time to time to see if the system of self-government is evolved in the desired order. The foundation being laid, gradual development can be reasonably expected.

3. *To Maintain Peace in the Country.* To build up a nation, whatever method may be used, internal strife must first of all be stopped. Unless the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people can live and work peacefully, no progress can be made. That is why I oppose unification by military force. Using the people as a sacrifice to get power and wealth is a thing I do not favor. Besides, being an official of the Republic is nothing to be envious of; he is only a public servant, and if, in his high position, he is not able to do any good for the people, his stay in office will be short-lived and his name will be branded forever.

Again, to place the country's wealth in the hands of a few persons, causing distress and poverty to the rest, will result in disturbance, and in the end the former will lose both life and property. Many instances of this have been seen since the inauguration of the Republic.

Therefore coöperation to strengthen the country's position is better than fighting for power, and coöperation to open up the many resources so as to improve the economic condition of the people is better than plundering each other.

With this in view I shall always advocate the maintenance of peace. Unless the existence of the nation is at stake I shall never wish to see war. Even if war is unavoidable, I shall do my best to mediate and shall not allow myself to be involved. Thus adventurers will have no opportunity to instigate trouble, and those working for the good of the country will be enabled to coöperate.

I adopted this policy several years ago. Hence the soldiers under me are trained, not merely to fight, but to protect the nation and to be worthy citizens, so that while in the army they have sufficient knowledge in military art to be a defense against attacks on the nation and when demobilized they have adequate training in handicrafts to earn an honest living. I see that they strictly observe discipline, I encourage them to study, I pay attention to their virtues, and I cause them to learn handicrafts.

With an understanding of their duty, and having acquired a means to earn a livelihood, they will of their own accord not choose to be dependent upon intimidating and plundering the people.

If soldiers are kept for the sole purpose of making war, they will destroy and plunder while in the army and do unlimited harm when disbanded. Employing soldiers to maintain peace is my object, and with this object in view I look for coöperation to do away with the tendency toward mutual strife and destruction.

If we are to follow the footsteps of the more advanced nations and work for the country's prosperity, we must further economic development. The vastness of our territory and the richness of her resources are looked upon with eager interest by all other States. However, on account of our backwardness in industrial sciences, and because of capitalistic oppression, the resources are left undeveloped and the people's power of earning a livelihood is greatly reduced. This state of affairs, if allowed to continue, will certainly result in the control of the country's resources passing into the hands of foreigners.

Our country's natural resources are among the richest in the world. Agricultural lands in the provinces are not yet fully cultivated, and mines are mostly left untouched. The coal fields in the province of Shansi alone are capable of supplying the world for several centuries.

The large plains of the Northeast and Northwest, abundant in pastures, are natural cattle-rearing grounds far superior to those of the Argentine. These unpopulated lands if farmed and cultivated will become some of the best places for farm supplies in the world.

Aside from those, there are Tibet,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turkestan, Manchuria, and Mongolia, with a total area greater than that of the Chinese provinces. So far as overpopulation is concerned, our country has absolutely no fear. Although at present we have a large number of poor people, they will be able to make themselves rich in a few years if they know how to develop industry, because they have been abundantly endowed.

Economic development is wholly a question of supplying the demands of the people. The necessities of life consist of clothing to prevent cold, food to nourish the body, houses to live in and rest in, and communications to facilitate travel. With these available, the people should be considered provided for. But human character is not yet satisfied; it requires tools, utensils, and ornaments for use, and articles of art and music for amusement, because the desires of passion increase in proportion as civilization advances.

That the people are able to get all these is the result of economic development. If production is limited while consumption increases, capital will be lacking and industry will not be developed, while technical science will not advance and civilization will remain at a standstill.

Besides, there must be opportunity for everybody to make full use of his ability to assist in the process of production.

Again, the direction which economical development is to take must also be studied. England, France, and other countries began to develop their industry several centuries ago, and for the time we cannot expect to be equal to them in industrial development. We can only begin with development of natural resources, using raw materials for the exchange of manufactured articles; industrial advancement will follow in consequence, as in the case of North America. Then building of railways and public roads, establishment of factories, training up of professional men, advancement of the skill of laborers, reformation of currency and adjustment of finance, must come one after another.

When the country has been fully developed economically all internal disturbance will come to an end. Although internal strife often finds its origin in a few avaricious officials and politicians striving for power and wealth, the people's difficulty of making a livelihood is the real cause of it. Should their social condition be improved, and labor be enabled to earn a good and adequate living, there will be no more internal disturbance or bandit depredations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREFACE TO 'ONE HUNDRED YEARS'[1]

BY LEV TOLSTOI

[We print below the preface of an historical novel dealing with the period of Peter the Great, written by Tolstoi about 1879. Only the preface and first chapter were completed. These have just been unearthed and published in Moscow. The former is particularly interesting for its discussion of Tolstoi's fundamental literary canons.]

WHATEVER our age, whether we are young or old, if we observe the people about us or consider the lives of those who have lived before us, we become aware of the same extraordinary and terrible phenomenon. Men are born, grow up, and live happy or sad lives; they are eager, industrious, and hopeful; they get what they want, and desire still more; or they lose the things they crave and seek to recover them. They labor, suffer, die, are buried, and vanish from the earth, and even from the memory of their survivors, as if they never had existed. And though they know the suffering, the death, and the oblivion that inevitably await them, they keep on doing the same things over and over again.

Why? What is the use of working and wishing for things when all invariably ends in illness, suffering, death, oblivion? Our fate is to suffer, to worry, and to die. If that is inevitable, is n't it better to have it all over as soon as possible, instead of protracting our misery? What is the difference between a life of eighty years and a life of one hour, so long as the eternity, the infinite duration of death, awaits us?

In order to keep on living with the knowledge that death is inevitable — something that a child of ten knows — we must resort to one of two courses. The first is to continue incessantly desiring things — to crave and work for pleasures of this world in order to forget the very thought of death. The other is to find in this transitory life, whether it be short or long, a purpose and meaning that death cannot destroy. All the men whom I know or whom I have known during my own life, and all the men of the past whose lives I have studied, have lived or are living either so preoccupied with their everyday pursuits and pleasures that they do not stop to think of death, or else in such a way that their lives bear witness to a purpose that death cannot obliterate. Only exceptionally do we find a person, and a most lamentable object he is, who can neither suppress the thought of death by surrendering himself to the passions and emotions of the moment nor discover a higher meaning in life. Such men kill themselves.

The desires that hide the vision of death have always controlled men, and they are always the same. They are especially vivid in case of children, who are oblivious to death because their keen zest for pleasure has not been blunted by a surfeit of experience. Human desires are so universal and spontaneous that everyone can understand a life of pleasure. But the other

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly), *December* 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way of living also, which gives life a content that death cannot destroy, is equally easy and natural for a man who has freed himself from the beliefs inculcated in him by education during his plastic age.

Among the people whom we know or might know we invariably find that children are brought up in certain beliefs, particularly by their mothers. These beliefs are always designed to give a meaning to life that death does not destroy. They point out how we should conduct ourselves, that is, how we should exercise our free will, so as to give our lives a meaning independent of time that will not cease with death. This assimilation of certain beliefs is as natural and as inevitable as it is to be enslaved by desires and passions. In the same way that desires and passions seize us irrespective of our own will, so a certain theory of the meaning and purpose of life becomes a part of us, without our exercising choice in the matter. That theory is impressed upon us during our growth and education, while we are young and impressionable. This effort to rationalize human existence is called faith, precisely because it is handed down from one generation to another on faith during the impressionable years of infancy and youth. It is not demonstrated; it is not logically elucidated; because you cannot demonstrate or logically elucidate anything to a child. It is handed down as a self-evident truth, as the result of irrefutable knowledge, as infallible and supernatural.

As far as I have been able to see and reason out in the course of my fifty years' study of the lives of the people who have lived in all parts of the world during and before my day, in every time and place, all evidence confirms the conclusion that men cannot live without one of these two guides to their lives. In all times and places desires and passions are as inescapable a part of human experience as is the persistence of certain beliefs which give an eternal meaning to life. We cannot conceive a human being without passions or desires, but neither can we conceive a human being who does not have some faith, some theory of life transcending death.

Those savages whom travelers tell us have no beliefs, and the people whom we know who deny all belief and try to bring up their children without any faith in the eternal meaning of life, might at first glance seem to be exceptions to this rule. But that is because we have a very inadequate knowledge of the language and thoughts of savages and cannot understand their beliefs, and because, when we hear people of our acquaintance declare that they have no faith, we overlook the beliefs that lie behind this negation and that really constitute their theory of life.

It makes no difference what it is of good or evil that the savage imagines exists beyond the mere gratification of his passions. If he does not feel that there is a difference between good and evil in some sphere outside his physical appetites, he is not a man. And if he does conceive that, independently of his passions, one thing is good and another thing is evil, — even though he may think it a good act to kill his enemy, — then he has the germ of a belief that gives an eternal meaning to his life. He has received this belief from his ancestors, and he will pass it on to his descendants.

Similarly, if a man who mentally refuses to accept any creed whatever distinguishes between good and evil, the very basis of that distinction is his faith. He may think that he has rejected all faith, that he is merely obeying his reason, but, when he admits that a man does well to subordinate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his passions to the general welfare, that very faith in sacrifice to the general welfare gives his life an enduring meaning that transcends death.

So whenever we cast our eyes over our contemporaries or scan the history of those who have lived before us we behold a conflict between the blind urge to gratify our innate cravings and the commandments of a law of right action that transcends death and gives meaning to human life. This universal and eternal conflict summarizes the life of individuals and nations, and it is about this conflict between the appetites and the conscience of individuals and of the Russian nation that I plan to write.

I do not intend to pass judgment upon the men who form the characters in my book. I shall merely describe the struggle between appetite and conscience in the hearts of the private citizens and the statesmen whom I must portray in order to paint a complete picture of the life of the people as a whole. But in recording the actions through which they express themselves in this struggle I shall feel bound to refrain from expressing ready-made judgments upon these characters as they pass across the scene.

In order that my description of these personages, moreover, may not appear misleading and one-sided, I am necessarily compelled to disregard the judgments, invariably erroneous, that history has formed of the statesmen with whom I shall deal. I do not mean to deny the truth of these judgments if they are good; I do not propose to prove that they are false. I shall merely indicate the reasons that tempt us to form hasty and tendential opinions of men in high position. I merely wish to eliminate these past judgments from the picture. I wish, as far as possible, that the paper upon which I am to write shall be perfectly white, that the sheets where I shall trace the portraits of these historical characters shall not be stained with other colors before I use them.

If I did not disregard such ready-made judgments, I should be obliged to discuss them, to deny or affirm them, in writing my account of the struggle between appetite and conscience that went on in their souls. I should be forced to pass judgment upon them, which I do not believe that I have the right to do.

The reasons that impel us to form premature and invariably erroneous opinions of historical personages are manifold, and all focus on the same point — the exaggerated and untrue importance that we ascribe to such people.

First of all, men, and particularly primitive-minded men, are wont to attribute importance, and even grandeur, to force and to power. A man has power. He can burn, kill, imprison, his fellow men and take away their property. A simple-minded person naturally reasons thus: 'Since that man has this power, he must be a very great man. He must possess mighty strength and vast ability that have enabled him to acquire this power.' In spite of the patent fact that power is always obtained by inheritance, intrigue, or luck, this reasoning is so natural that not only men of little intellect and learning, but even men of experience and education, easily fall into this error. This is particularly true when the way in which power has been seized is more or less concealed, when power has been gained, not through two or three events evidently governed by chance, but by a whole series of lucky accidents that complicate the process to the observer.

For instance, the elevation of Mazarin or of Potemkin was so obviously due to mere luck that no intelligent person

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would ascribe it to their merits. But the success of Bismarck or of Napoleon is to be explained by their characters. In saying this I do not mean to assert that accession to power never implies merit. I merely urge my reader not to fall into the vulgar error of supposing that because a man rules his fellow men he is endowed with some inherent quality, like great strength of character, superior intelligence, genius, or moral grandeur, that gives him this power. I merely ask my reader to recall that power is one of the most mysterious of phenomena, which a poet has described as coming from the gods, and that possession of power and personal worth are two utterly distinct and independent things. One does not proceed from the other, and no necessary connection exists between the two. Great men lose power; worthless men gain and preserve it. I merely ask my readers to bear in mind that all is not gold that glitters. This first fallacy is a fallacy of logic.

The second reason why our judgments of prominent historical characters are invariably erroneous and distorted is of a psychological order. The people who surround a man possessing power and who share its advantages are the ones who transmit that person's memory to the masses and to posterity. These people have an interest in concealing what is black and showing only what is white: (1) because that justifies them in accepting the advantages they enjoy; (2) because that excuses their subservience and lackeydom. These are the men who monopolize the data, and who ultimately write the biographies of our rulers and statesmen.

A third reason why our judgment of men in high position is always untrue, and the reputation of such men is invariably exaggerated, is that these personages, particularly if they are vain individuals like Louis XIV, Napoleon, Peter the Great, or Catherine, and if they reign for a long period, either write their own history or prepare materials for it, carefully suppressing everything to their disadvantage and emphasizing — and often inventing — whatever may militate in their favor. Their flatterers zealously second them in this. Historical criticism may later do its best, but it can never afterward unravel the true from the false. Very often historical records are made the monopoly of rulers and their flatterers. In the days of Peter the Great the monks were forbidden to have paper and ink.

The fourth reason for our false estimates and undue extollation of men prominent in history is what I should call dialectical. The lives of sovereigns are written by historical scholars whose so-called science deals with the lives of nations and governments. Consequently the yardstick by which historians measure the good and evil, the greatness and pettiness, of rulers is not the same yardstick that we use in judging ordinary men. It is a very different one, accommodated to the historian's personal opinions regarding political and national policies.

Without delving deeper into the chaotic standards that determine the judgments of historians upon the subjects with which they deal, and particularly upon the moral right or wrong of the actions they describe, we know that beyond all question historical criteria do not accord with the criteria of everyday human life. What is good for the German nation may not be good for the French nation. Since the human race was dispersed at the Tower of Babel to form separate peoples and governments, it has been utterly impossible to identify the welfare of a nation or of a government with welfare in general. Nevertheless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

historians, using the biased data I have just described, constantly commit the error, sometimes involuntarily and sometimes consciously, of confounding the righteousness of a ruler's conduct as interpreted from the standpoint of a single nation's interest with righteous conduct in the abstract. In order to cover up this illogical confusion certain conventional terms are employed, such as civic virtue, sacred love of country, and — most popular of all — greatness.

This last error springs from the same faulty reasoning that produces the erroneous historical judgments I mentioned first — that is, the fallacy of assuming that a man who wields great power must also have ability and strength of character. I do not deny that it is possible for a man possessing power to be also an able man. I can neither assert or deny that. I merely wish to point out that the fact that the courtiers of Napoleon III thought his government beneficent and their master the personification of goodness proves nothing as to that emperor's personal qualities. Before we weigh those qualities from the political point of view, we ought first to examine them from the universal human point of view — the point of view of the struggle between appetite and conscience.

We must be even more cautious in accepting the statements of historians, who confuse a man's qualities as a statesman with his qualities as a private individual, since political life by its very nature is in most cases incompatible with conscientious conduct. Therefore, though we may not deny the merit of a statesman as a statesman, we must always bear in mind that the character of the man himself is invariably independent of these merits. I insist on this particularly, because the glorification of a base and dissolute person as an ideal character and a model of private morality not only injures society but is the most unpardonable of sacrileges.

So I shall disregard completely the untruthful descriptions of my historical characters that have been handed down to us, and shall try to describe them, with God's help, when they appear in my narrative, as if no judgment regarding them existed. I shall study them merely as the men they reveal themselves to be in the battle between their appetites and their conscience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNISM IN AMERICA[1]

BY X X X

BEGINNING with the United States, the Communists there have organized the American Workers Party, which is entirely at the orders of the Executive Committee of the Third International in Moscow. Of its fifteen thousand members, some six thousand are Finns. The Party publishes, with funds supplied by the Soviet Government, fourteen dailies and several weeklies and monthlies. The principal of these is *The Worker* of Chicago, which has just purchased a large modern printing plant. This Party's tactical programme is to insinuate itself into the trade-unions and to make converts among the farmers and small landholders. It also tries to make trouble in the army. A Communist cell of eighteen members, of whom six were soldiers, was recently discovered among the troops in the Hawaiian Islands. Its slogan was 'Hawaii for the Workers.' Since Communists are under the stern eye of the law in the United States, the Third International instructs its members there to form illegal as well as legal organizations, with the former in actual control of the movement.

Rutenberg, Foster, and Zlotnitzki, the agents of the Third International in the United States, have received $340,000 for Communist propaganda in that country. Such headway as they have made is chiefly among the most ignorant class of workers — Chinese, Mexicans, and Negroes. Communists are unanimous in the opinion that the latter promise most for the Third International. James Jackson, a member of the Executive Committee, has stated: 'The Negro is the worst exploited of all the proletariat. That is why he will make the best revolutionist.' A Congress of American Negroes was convened at Chicago on the twenty-fifth of last October. On the twentieth of September the first General Convention of the American Communist Party was held in Cuba.

Communism's progress in Canada is thus recorded in the Soviet press: 'Our agitators are touring the country from one end to the other, giving talks on Communism and organizing Communist cells in mines and factories.' Canada is covered with a network of Communist schools where Leninism is taught. The Party publishes propaganda journals like *The Worker* in English and *La Lutte* in French or Yiddish. It allies itself as far as possible with the trade-unions, encourages strikes, and is active among the unemployed, where it has organized some Soviets. Its official programme is summarized in resolutions endorsing the acceptance by all the Labor Parties of the British Empire of the principle that the colonies and Dominions are to become independent; approving the attitude of the British trade-unions in favor of an alliance with those of Russia; and demanding insistent efforts to socialize industry.

Five thousand dollars was recently sent by the Executive Committee of the International Trade-Union Alliance to the striking miners in Nova

[1] From *L'Opinion* (Paris Conservative weekly), *November* 21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scotia. Much progress has been made in spreading Communism among young Canadians. Jerome Kaynswell, the delegate of the Communist Party and of the Trade-Union Congress of Canada visiting Moscow last January, urged that the Canadian Communist Party be incorporated in the Third International with the same rights as other Communist Parties, and be given one vote in its Executive Committee. Previously the Canadian delegates had possessed merely an advisory voice in that body. He further asked for an appropriation of one hundred and twenty-five thousand gold rubles for Communist agitation in Canada, and a permanent liaison service between Moscow and that country. These proposals, except the last two, were approved by the Moscow Executive Committee at its meeting on March 6, 1925. In addition, an appropriation of ten thousand gold rubles was made to assist the striking mine-workers in Canada, and Kaynswell was made an accredited representative of the Canadian miners and steel-workers to the Third International.

Mexico is regarded as the chief Communist base of operations for Central and South America. The revolutionary conditions that prevailed in that country after 1910 are attributed to 'the peasants, who are discontented and have formed agrarian leagues closely allied with the Communists.' The Congress of the Mexican League of Rural Communes, in voting to join the Moscow Peasant International, adopted resolutions emphasizing the necessity of international as well as national organization; approving adhesion to the Moscow Peasant International, which preaches the destruction of capitalism; and declaring that it is the only organization that promises to satisfy all the demands of the laboring millions.

In Argentina the Communist Party has held five General Congresses. We are told that even the most backward Indian tribes, like the Araucanians, 'utter with veneration the name of Lenin.' A Moscow agent claimed that the Patagonian Indians bought pictures of Lenin at high prices, thus creating a demand for a new Soviet export. On the anniversary of Lenin's death the Communists and trade-unions of Argentina held a joint meeting in one of the theatres of Buenos Aires. The building was draped with red flags and crape as a sign of mourning, and an immense picture of Lenin occupied the centre of the stage.

In Peru the Communist leader, Récabarré, who was subsequently killed, managed to establish regular relations between the local labor-organizations and the Moscow Trade-Union Council, and headed the agitation against the Government. In Uruguay the Communists are also at work.

After the Government of Chile had suppressed the Communist and anarchist papers published at Iquique, the capital of Tarapaca, serious labor riots occurred that compelled the authorities to proclaim a state of siege in that province and in the neighboring province of Antofagasta. When the railway employees and transportation workers joined the movement, all traffic in Northern Chile was brought to a standstill and bloody conflicts occurred between the troops and the strikers. Several Communist school-teachers were dismissed, and the Minister of War issued an order forbidding the display of the Red flag at public meetings. Zinoviev, President of the Third International, boasts in *Izvestia* that the Bolshevist demonstrations and strikes in Chile involved tens of thousands of working people, and that the movement is rapidly gaining control of both Peru and Mexico.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SPRING SUNDAY IN CAPE TOWN[1]

BY C. Z. KLÖTZEL

SOUTH AFRICA is a very pious — or, better said, a very churchly — country. Its discoverers, the Portuguese, never made much of an impression on it, but they erected lofty crosses at Point Diaz and on the Cape of Good Hope, where they first landed in the west and south. Then the Hollanders, fresh from the fiery furnace of a Thirty Years' War fought to defend their religious convictions, occupied Table Bay, and their descendants still cling with the tenacity of an ancient peasant race to the religious traditions of those forefathers. Last of all came the English, with their Christian cant and their liberality toward every creed.

No other country, therefore, unless it be the United States, offers its people so wide a choice of sects. At Durban, the centre of one-hundred-per-cent Britishers, with a white population of only sixty thousand, a person can worship with Anglicans, members of the South African Church, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Baptists, Lutherans, Swedenborgians, Christian Scientists, and Roman Catholics. Besides the edifices of these denominations, there are a synagogue, a mosque, and several temples of various Indian cults.

Therefore it is not surprising that Sunday is observed in South Africa very differently from in Europe. At the stroke of twelve Saturday night, all secular amusements, so far as they are licensed, cease. Dancing must stop; bars are closed. Bottle stores, where liquors are sold in the original package but cannot be consumed, must lock their doors Saturday afternoon. The only places that can sell intoxicants on Sunday are hotels and restaurants serving their regular guests. No theatres, cinemas, or concerts can remain open. Two of the larger Cape Town cafés have recently secured permission for their orchestras to play Sundays after 8 P.M., but this concession to worldly vanity has caused widespread indignation.

Of course the English have brought their week-ends to South Africa. All offices, private and public, close Saturday noon, but shops follow a different schedule. Only part of these have a regular week-end. The others keep open even later than usual Saturday nights, and make up for it by closing some other afternoon of the week. They are classified according to the streets on which they are situated. For instance, Plein Street is its busiest on Saturday nights, while Adderley Street is very lively Thursday afternoons, but is deserted Saturdays.

A week-end in Cape Town begins with an open-air concert. About the time that the downtown offices are discharging their army of young people upon the sidewalks, and parking-places in the business centre are emptying of automobiles, the chimes of the Town Hall begin to play. Nor do they render a solemn air like the *Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit* of our Potsdam Garrison Church, but ring out whole

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *November* 20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symphonies, not only in the simple and severe harmonization of classical counterpoint, but with all the trickeries of modern jazz. I believe this bell orchestra might be trusted to render acceptably Wagner or Richard Strauss.

The Town Hall overlooks the parade ground where, as long ago as 1700, the mercenaries of the Dutch East India Company used to drill. Indian fruit-dealers have their stands around its edge, where you can buy from Omar Mahomet and Company or Ibriam Jussuf, Limited, forty bananas or twenty-five Mandarin oranges for a shilling. During the week open-air auctions and a secondhand-clothes market for the colored people are held here. But Saturdays the ground reverts to its original use. Young Boers and Englishmen dress up that afternoon as Scottish soldiers in long stockings, ballet skirts, and boys' caps. They are vigorous, well-grown young fellows, but by no means letter-perfect in military tactics. The music, however, is excellent. Drums and bagpipes are the outstanding instruments, and the drummer is not only an expert at his peculiar art, but also a marvelous acrobat — a serpent-man who brings his drumsticks down upon the calfskin from postures that make his feat seem quite impossible. After two or three hours' drill, the brave lads march off home with their rifles and fixed bayonets, reassured that the fatherland is safe.

While the rest of the town grows deserted, Plein Street lights up and becomes a hive of activity. For this one night it belongs to the 'colored people,' as the English call them, or the *gekleurten*, as the Boers say. The color-bar is not so high in Cape Colony as in the other provinces of the Union, and the 'Cape boys,' who are descendants of Malays imported in ancient times from the Netherlands Indies, often with an admixture of white blood in their veins, take an active part in politics. None the less, socially the barrier between the races is insurmountable, and on this evening when the street, the 'ticky bazaars,' and the cheap auctions belong to the yellow, brown, and black, the white folks stay away.

A stranger might not know this. He sees intermingled with Negroes, Malays, Hottentots, and their countless variants, many people whom he would suppose to be white. It is much more difficult to detect color than people pretend. A Boer just in from his farm is as brown as one could wish, often much darker than his 'boys.' But in that case other features easily show his race. This is not true, however, where interbreeding has proceeded so far that the dark blood has reached a minimum. Just one drop of it makes a person colored in South Africa. There are many prominent white men in Cape Town, who personally are received in the best families, upon whom nobody ever calls and whose wives are never mentioned in society. Yet to the uninitiated observer the latter are perfectly white.

So you have to take it on faith when the people here tell you that everyone you see on Plein Street Saturday night is colored. For the pseudo-whites complete the chromatic scale, which ascends from the deep bass of the ebony-black Bantu Negroes, through the middle notes of the coffee-brown Malays, to the treble of men and women who are undistinguishable from pure Caucasians.

Socially the Plein Street crowd is proletarian, although there are some exceptions. An economic color-line assigns all unskilled labor in South Africa to the colored and all organized trades to the whites. The people you see lounging on the street-corners and strolling past the brilliantly lighted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show-windows have, apart from their complexion, all the distinguishing marks of the lower class of longshoremen and factory workers throughout the world. They wear the same mussy felt hats or balloon caps, and gaudy ties; and they have the same slouching walk, with head thrust forward and fists thrust into their trouser pockets. I except, however, the full-blooded Negroes. They may be raggeder than the others, but they have a certain poise and dignity of carriage that their proletarian cousins of lighter color lack.

The women dress practically as they do in Europe, and are as keen for red-heeled shoes and flesh-colored stockings as their sisters across the color-line. Their woolly hair seems expressly designed for bobbing. But they have not the slightest glimmer of good taste. Many a girl who would otherwise be strikingly pretty, even to European eyes, spoils it all by her ghastly way of dressing.

The Indians, however, form a caste apart. In contrast to the colored natives, they cling to their own ways of dress as tenaciously as they do to their religious beliefs and social customs. The Mohammedan Indian invariably wears a red or black fez. Even the most elegant Indian women — and some of the families here are wealthy and cultured — would scorn a European hat. They always wear their native silk headcloths, often so folded as to conceal the lower half of the face.

While the colored population is shopping, and every ticky bazaar in Plein Street is crowded to the doors, fervent fishers for souls are also busy. The missionary spirit runs in the people's blood. Wherever the crowd is thickest an impromptu pulpit is erected either at a street-corner or in a doorway. Anyone can talk, and almost everyone is ready to listen. It is a sort of amusement for the crowd to wander from one preacher to another, to let a man demonstrate to them for half an hour why his particular nuance of the Christian faith is the only key to Paradise, and to listen to the music without which a street mission is inconceivable. The Salvation Army marches forth to battle with a whole military band, and has a marvelous knack for arranging spiritual songs to jazz melodies. More modest missionary enterprises content themselves with an harmonium set out in the middle of the pavement. Now and then a man alternates preaching and playing a fiddle. Not infrequently one sees a messenger of the faith surrounded by a little circle of colored Christians who sing psalms reverentially but dreadfully out of key.

It would be hard to say how large a harvest these zealous workers garner. Now and then the Salvation Army makes converts on the public streets. It is not a very edifying spectacle for a person of European training to see an hysterical white drunkard suddenly fall on his knees in the centre of a ring of colored listeners and loudly profess with maudlin tears his desire 'to clasp the hand of Jesus,' while saxophones and drums thump out hallelujahs.

These open-air missions have a certain political significance. Their authorized and unauthorized expounders of the Gospel are of necessity opponents of the color-bar. It is hardly possible to divide either the Christian Heaven or the Christian Hell into black and white compartments the way they do the cars on the South African railways. We must give the missionaries of every faith credit for defending the rights of the colored man with courage. They are the most reliable authorities on the condition of the natives, and the wisest advisers when it comes to dealing with them. However indifferent the colored listeners in Plein Street may be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Christian faith per se, they are all aware that its champions are outspoken enemies of color-discriminations, that whites and blacks are equally 'brothers in Christ'; and this is like music to their ears and balm to their hearts.

Sunday morning I am almost the only passenger on the excellent suburban train. We travel through a paradise of blooming acacias and fat meadows where sleek cattle are cropping the fragrant grass. Magnificent white calla-lilies are blooming everywhere. This aristocratic flower, which we see at home only behind the plate-glass windows of fashionable florists, grows wild on the Cape, and housewives buy it by armfuls Saturday nights to adorn their Sunday dinner tables. Along any hundred yards of the railway line it would be possible to gather a bouquet of wonderful blossoms in which there would not be a single duplicate. Cape Town has a famous 'Wild Flower Show' in September where several thousand specimens of native flowering plants are exhibited. When the trees begin to turn in the Northern Hemisphere, the spring flowers are in full bloom in South Africa and the first strawberries are coming to the market. The latter look luscious, but lack flavor because they grow too fast. Only the grapes, which ripen slowly in the hot sun, have all the sweetness and savor of our northern clime.

Stellenbosch, the college town whither I am bound, lies embedded in high mountains, nestling among magnificent old trees. When I leave the station I feel as if I were stepping into another world. England has vanished. We are in old Holland. This is the second-oldest town in South Africa, and was founded in 1681. It is a charming, quiet little place, with a university where the young Boers are educated in the language of their fathers and in the literature and science of Europe.

Cape Town is a churchgoing city; Stellenbosch is a deeply religious college-town. Its spotless avenues, where ancient white Holland houses stand back amid magnificent oaks, breathe a somewhat rustic but intensely sincere and old-fashioned Christian spirit. Its people fill eight churches thrice every Sunday, but the two movie-shows are hermetically sealed.

When I arrive Sunday morning scarcely a person is visible on the street. I hear music in the houses, but no secular airs. Even the valiant fellow industriously practising upon a cornet has not selected 'I Love You,' but 'A Daughter of Zion,' for his morning exercise. I see people coming out of church — sturdy, substantial, tidily and thriftily dressed men and women. Each of these Boer *vrouwen* would easily make three English ladies. I pass a couple of white-bearded men in old-fashioned black coats, neckbands, and hats, with Bibles and hymnbooks in their hands. One of them looks like Oom Paul, whose hundredth birthday is soon to be celebrated in Pretoria. I ask a young man, evidently a student, my direction. He readily gives me the information, but adds, 'Here, sir, is another road that you must also take,' and thrusts a tract into my hand.

I call on a couple of acquaintances, young scientists who have come from Germany to teach here. The university possesses all the faculties except medicine, and has excellent facilities for teaching natural science. The most pressing problem just at present is to acquire additional buildings. About a thousand students are in attendance, including many women.

My German friends are enthusiastic over the extraordinary industry, physical fitness, and mental vigor of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young people whom they are teaching. Dissipation of any kind is practically unknown, and most of the students are total abstainers.

Returning to Cape Town from quiet, idyllic Stellenbosch, I find Adderley Street thronged with people. Two streams of humanity move steadily up and down, the colored on the railway-station side, the white upon the side opposite. Double-decker tramcars, hansom cabs, and an endless line of autos, move down the centre of the pavement, bringing people home from Sunday-afternoon outings. The pier is a blaze of brilliance, and out in the bay twinkle the lights on the vessels tied up by the seamen's strike. Missionaries are even busier than last night. An exhorter stands on almost every corner. But at 11 P. M. the trams stop running, and when the big clock in the Town House tower strikes twelve all Cape Town is sound asleep.

PRIMITIVE MAN

(LUCRETIUS V, 925–944)

BY DENIS TURNER

[*Spectator*]

THE men that lived unhous'd in those far days
Were hardier, as beseemed an earthborn race.
Their bones were big and solid, and their thews
Knit in a sturdy frame. Nor heat nor cold
Could quickly weaken them, nor roughest fare,
Nor bodily disease; but like the beasts
They lived and roamed at large, and many suns
Passed over them. They had no skill, though strong,
To guide the plough, no use of iron tools
To work the land: saplings they planted none,
Nor used the hook to lop the antlered boughs
From lofty trees. What sun and rain might give,
And what the earth brought forth untill'd, were gifts
To satisfy their hearts. And thus they lived,
On acorns maybe, or on wilding fruits:
Those red-ripe berries of the winter time
Were more abundant then and larger too;
Their world was young and fertile, and brought forth
Enough hard fare to rear a suffering race.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAND OF TWO RIVERS[1]

BY F. W. CHARDIN
FORMERLY ASSISTANT POLITICAL OFFICER, MOSUL TOWN

THE area which at present comprises the British mandated kingdom of Irak consists of two separate and distinct lands, as distinct as ever they were in the days when they were named Chaldea and Assyria. Before and during the war the whole district was known to the outside world as Mesopotamia. In 1921 Mr. Winston Churchill, doubtless feeling that the word 'Mespot' stank in the nostrils of the British public as a synonym for extravagance and wasteful mismanagement, bestowed upon the same area a name that most people considered a new one, and decreed that it should be called Irak, thereby supplying a red herring to be dragged across the trail followed by the 'Anti-Waste' press.

Both names are, however, perfectly correct when applied to their particular areas, namely, Irak to the alluvial lands stretching from somewhat north of Bagdad to the Persian Gulf — the ancient Chaldea; and Mesopotamia to the Mosul province, including also, perhaps, the highlands of Kurdistan — the ancient Assyria. Geologically and climatically, the two lands are quite distinct. In the southern district the soil consists of flat, low-lying, alluvial silt, extending to the Arabian Desert in the west and the Persian Hills in the east. In the northern district, undulating grasslands and steppe interspersed by low, stony hills comprise the district, which is bounded on the east and north by the savage mountain-district of Kurdistan and on the west by the Syrian Desert.

The actual boundary between the two zones may be said to be the Jebel Hamrin, a barren, stony outcrop lying some hundred miles north of Bagdad. South of this the date palm and the orange tree flourish; north of it they are never met with, owing to the greater severity of the winter climate. To the south, crops are only grown under irrigation; to the north, the vastly greater proportion of the crops is grown on the winter and spring rains alone.

The one land may be said to resemble Egypt and North Africa, the other to contain many points of similarity to Southeastern Europe. The difference between the brick-built, palm-girt cities of Bagdad and Basra and the gray stone city of Mosul and towns of Kurdistan is extraordinarily striking.

The two districts are at least as distinct as are England and Scotland, and the analogy can be carried a little further by comparing the highlands of Kurdistan with those of Caledonia. The Kurds of these hills live in much the same way as did the Highland clansmen of mediæval times. It may also be said that the Kurds resemble the Celts of the west of Europe. They dwell in the hill country. Just as the Celts of the west own allegiance to several states, British, Irish, and French, so do the Kurds inhabit a land included within the boundaries of Irak,

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *October*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persia, Turkey, and Soviet Russia, as well as Syria.

The obvious fact that this land, now called Irak, is, and has always been, two distinct entities, gives some superficial show of justice to the Turkish claim that the Mosul vilayet should be returned to the Turkish fold after having been taken therefrom by force of British arms. In the Middle East it is notorious that religion plays a more important part than does race in the demarcation of national cleavages. So also does sectarianism within any one religion. Thus in the Basra and Bagdad provinces we have a majority of some 1,500,000 Shiites to a minority of some 600,000 Sunnites. In Mosul, on the contrary, the proportions are reversed, there being some 580,000 Sunnites to 22,000-odd Shiites. These Sunnites, moreover, are of the orthodox Hanafite school of Turkey, and this alone might tend to substantiate the Turkish claim, were it not that the present Turkish State is quite divorced from, if not definitely hostile to, religion. Pan-Islamism is only used as a war cry to stir up the impressionable peasantry; in times of peace it is replaced by Pan-Turanianism. In passing, it would appear that the former has more show of justice, for Islam has founded mighty civilizations and valuable cultures, while Turan has only supplied hordes of destructive, noncreative conquerers and despoilers.

The old Arabic name for Chaldea is *Iraq ul 'Arab*, 'the Arabs' mud-bank,' and this is a very apt designation, for the vast majority of the inhabitants, whether tribal or settled, are of definite Arab race, and all speak Arabic. On the contrary, the Mosul province is populated by a great variety of races, tribes, languages, and creeds. The Arab race is only second in point of population, giving place to that of the Kurds, while an element of some 60,000 Oriental Christians is of considerable importance. It is also noteworthy that all of the 22,000-odd Christians dwelling in the towns of Bagdad and Basra are immigrants from the Mosul region, where they really represent the oldest inhabitants of the land.

From the emphasis given above to the differences between the two regions, it may possibly be inferred that the Turkish claims, as opposed to those of the Iraks, have a strong basis in fact. But this is not by any means so, for the simple and sufficient reason that there are practically no Ottoman Turks at all, while there are at least 150,000 Arabs. It is true, however, that there are a number of villages and one town, Kirkuk, inhabited by so-called 'Turkomans,' descendants of pre-Ottoman Turanian invaders, and speaking an old dialect of Turkish. They are simple cultivators and, except in Kirkuk, take no interest in political matters. They have no particular nationalistic aspirations, and are quite a small-minority element.

A solution of the question from an ethnic standpoint would be to attach the lands in the region of the two rivers to Bagdad, as being predominantly Arab, while the Eastern highlands should be made into an 'independent' Kurdistan, an idea which has been toyed with by many. It is, however, in the writer's opinion, an object utterly impossible of realization for many years to come, if only for the reason that a large block of Kurds dwell within the 'sacred homeland' of post-war Turkey, and these are lands which that very self-conscious, defiant little State would never relinquish. Portions of Kurdistan are also included in Persia, Syria, and the Soviet Caucasian republics, and there has never been any suggestion that these areas should be given up by their respective overlords. Apart from these reasons, however, there ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists the overwhelming one that lies in the fact that the Kurds are so primitive and ignorant, and live and dwell in such a patriarchal condition of tribalism, that cohesion would be quite impossible. To them 'self-determination' could only signify wholesale license and complete anarchy. Further still, Mosul, the plains, and the highlands are economically interdependent. The town and the cultivating villages, as well as the nomadic Arab tribes, draw all their supplies of rice, tobacco, timber, fresh and dried fruits, from the hills, and the Kurds rely on the town for all their supplies of grain, textiles, agricultural instruments, tea, coffee, sugar, and other necessaries of life, as well as manufactured articles such as matches, oil lamps, and the like. The imposition of such things as frontiers and customs barriers between a large district and its only emporium would be almost intolerable.

There has been, hitherto, little in common between the inhabitants of Bagdad and those of Mosul. This estrangement is probably dying out nowadays, but the fact remains that, while the land of Irak looks more particularly toward the south and east, — to India and Persia, — the direction of the Mosul interests has been toward the north and west, — Asia Minor and Syria, more particularly Aleppo, — despite the intervening desert. Mosul has little or no connection with Persia, owing to the formidable mountain-barrier and the rudimentary conception of 'meum and tuum' possessed by the Kurdish *aghas* and tribesmen. Similar ideas as to private property exist among the Arabs of the western desert, but they are wise enough not completely to shear the sheep with the golden fleece, contenting themselves, if possible, by detaching a portion in the shape of *akhawa*, or tribal protection-levy on the trade caravans passing through the various tribal areas. This, naturally, will tend to encourage trade with the south, now that an open and tribal toll-free line of communication exists. A fact, however, which will undoubtedly turn the eyes of Bagdad toward the west is the existence of cross-desert mail and passenger services operated regularly by automobiles between Bagdad and Damascus.

Thus it seems obvious that the economic interests of the northern province must, in future, lie in connection with the south, with which the open waterway of the Tigris always ensures communication, and with which, by means of the projected railway via Erbil and Kirkuk from Mosul, more easy and expeditious connection will be established. To the north, east, and west huge mountain-barriers and wide desert-steppes will always tend to restrict communication.

The fact that the southern province is under the care and tutelage of a Great Power will put it in a better position as regards the procuring of the necessary foreign capital to develop its manifold resources, and there is every reason to think that the northern province, with its still greater resources, would at least share equally in that capital, particularly when one considers the enormous oil deposits which probably exist there. Capital will only flow in when confidence and security are established and straightforward and sound methods of government are employed, and, under British protection, the kingdom of Irak can offer these things. At present, on the contrary, the modern Republic of Turkey has been so busy reiterating its independence and defying the civilized world that it has hardly even yet started to put its house in order. While acknowledging the necessity of foreign capital, it has done little to give it real encouragement, and it has, therefore,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

received little attention from other than adventurers.

Even supposing Turkey should succeed in attracting the right class of capitalist, it is at least probable that funds so obtained would be swallowed up in developing the so-called 'Turkish homeland' of Anatolia, where there is ample need for them, and little would penetrate to the decidedly 'foreign' province of Mosul. It is said that Turkey wants the Mosul province because of the oil wells. But what outlet to the great markets of the world would the oil fields have, shut in on the north and east by almost impassable mountains, and on the west and south by a probably hostile Irak and a possibly hostile Syria?

The two provinces of Bagdad and Basra are, practically speaking, homogeneous, the population being almost entirely Arab in race and Moslem in religion. The only considerable minority is that of some 92,000 Jews, mostly resident in Bagdad. These are a great source of financial and commercial strength to the country, but present no political problem whatever, their whole influence being on the side of public security, peace, and freedom of commerce. The influence of the Christian population of some 25,000 town-dwellers would be entirely with that of the Jews, as they are all merchants, craftsmen, laborers, and servants. The other notable minority, the Sabæans, or so-called 'Christians of St. John,' are peaceful craftsmen, and show similar political ideas. They number some 10,000 souls, and congregate mostly round Amara, on the Tigris.

Mosul, on the other hand, is a veritable home of religious and national minorities, and the proportions of these minorities to the whole population is, relatively, much greater. First in number, and possessing a far greater economic importance than their numbers suggest, are the four great Christian sects, totaling at least 60,000 persons. These are descended from the old, pre-Islamic inhabitants of the land, and are engaged in agriculture, commerce, and craftsmanship. They are divided into churches as follows: (1) the Old Syrian or Jacobite Church, a truly Oriental sect with no Western connections; (2) the Syrian Catholic Church, the Uniat offshoot of the foregoing; (3) the extremely ancient Nestorian Church; and (4) its Uniat offshoot, the Chaldean Church. These Christians form nearly a third of the population of Mosul Town, and occupy all the large and prosperous villages in the surrounding plains and foothills, excepting the Nestorians whose home is the mountain country, and who are a political problem in themselves.

The Christians are enterprising cultivators and merchants, and practically monopolize the handicrafts of the towns. An important minority is that of the Yezidis, somewhat loosely called 'Devil-Worshipers.' These people, numbering perhaps 40,000 persons, are, next to the Armenians, the most persecuted sect in the Middle East. They speak Kurdish, and are possibly Kurds. With few exceptions they are forbidden by their religion to read or write, and are, therefore, quite ignorant, simple cultivators. For centuries they have suffered massacre and torment for their peculiar faith, thus differing from the Armenians, whose tribulations have largely arisen from political causes. A notable item in their faith is the reverence paid to Satan, and to a secret brass image known as the 'Peacock King.' Other minorities are the Shebbakis, Badgwan, and Sarlis, but these are more in the nature of nominal Moslem sects, and are few in number. Unlike those in Bagdad, the Jews residing in Mosul are few, poor, and uninfluential.

The peaceful, prosperous, town- and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plain-dwelling Christians, members of the Jacobite and the two Uniat sects, though hard-working and enterprising, are unwarlike and cowardly, and have never, in the past, given offense to the Turks or the indigenous Moslem majority for which they might fear reprisals. Indeed, the relations subsisting between Moslem and Christian are generally most cordial. But even here there is a latent fire.

In the mountains, however, the racial, or sectarian, problem is clamant. The two minority sects are the Nestorians, or Assyrians, and the Yezidis. Both are fierce and warlike; both have lived for centuries in a constant state of defensive and even offensive feud with their Kurdish and Arab neighbors. Both have suffered untold persecution and massacre, and the Assyrians, during the war, openly espoused the Allied cause after many of them had been massacred. Both acclaimed the occupation of Mosul by the British as the beginning of a new day, and both supplied bodies of troops which have been the backbone of the military forces of Irak.

Recently, just prior to the fixing of the provisional frontier of Irak and Turkey by the council of the League of Nations, the Nestorian Assyrians were in trouble again with transfrontier tribes and Turkish irregular troops. It is not suggested that the Assyrians are always innocent of aggression, but the fact that thousands of them came flying down once again to Mosul as refugees suggests what would be their fate should Turkish rule once more return. They, at least, are under no delusions, and, should the Turks determine upon a similar policy to that which they have employed with the Christian minorities of Asia Minor, the horrors of the Greek refugee problem would be utterly eclipsed, and this devoted people would march through the Valley of the Shadow for the second time in a decade, once again homeless refugees.

It seems unlikely that the regeneration of the Land of the Two Rivers will come from the Arab element, for the Arabs of Irak seem a decadent people. Since the decay of the Abbasid caliphate, in the middle of the ninth century A.D., no great Irak name has arisen, except the famous Saladin, who died in A.D. 1193, and he was a Kurd. There is no great compelling religious impetus such as the Wahabi movement which has produced Abd-ul-Aziz ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd, and the greatest man in all Arabia. The tribes are notoriously unstable as water, and the town families are rent by faction and petty self-seeking. The Hashimite house, though producing able men, does not seem to produce great ones. It would require a very dominating Sunnite personality to receive wholehearted allegiance from the Shiites, and the converse is equally true. It has been said that the Arabs are a 'male' race — that is to say that, of themselves, they produce nothing. But history has shown that they have an extraordinary faculty of fertilizing other races, so that, when brought in contact with them, great civilizations are the result. When they came into contact with the Persians, the outcome was the glorious age of Harun al Rashid, when, with the Berbers and Spaniards, the glories of Andalusia were the result, and so forth. Following this line of thought, is it not at least a feasible suggestion that the salvation of the land should come from the junction of its two great elements, the Arab and the Kurd, so that perhaps another Saladin might arise?

The Kurds possess racial characteristics very different from those of the Arabs. They are dour, where the Arab is vivacious. Their method of warfare is the ambush rather than the raid. They show artistic and creative ability.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As an instance of this, one may mention the carpets that are woven in their villages. In the neighborhood of Sulaimania a factory producing modern breech-loading rifles copied from well-known Western patterns has existed for over thirty years. In fact, the Kurds have been armed with these weapons since the latter part of the last century, when the Arab tribesmen of the western desert were still armed with muzzle-loading flintlocks.

The comparatively slow-thinking Kurd often seems stupid when compared with the intelligent, alert-minded Arab. It is certain that, morally, the life of the Kurd is generally a clean and straightforward one. He drinks not at all, while the town Arab, and particularly the Christian, is often a degenerate toper. He has never, at least within recent years, been brought under effective control. As a comment upon the words of those who consider that the Arab race has had its day, there is the observation that the Kurdish race still has its day to come. They are at present wild and uneducated, but, given *suitable* education and careful guidance, they can become a very substantial element in the population. One thing is certain — the Kurd is no degenerate.

The Turks of Angora have, at Lausanne and elsewhere, laid claim to the northern province. Ethnically and geographically their claims are not worthy of consideration. The report of the League of Nations Commission has shed little light upon the issue. Doubtless, the jumble of impressions received was so chaotic that to form a decision was impossible. The plain ethics of the case is whether or not the Turkish claim was justified by the will of the inhabitants, quite irrespective of any question of political expediency, or as to the period of Britain's mandate. The recommendation as to a boundary between the two areas, that of the Lesser Zab, is truly amazing, for it leaves within Irak the only considerable pro-Turkish district in the country, that of the large Turkoman town of Kirkuk, while the purely Arab town of Mosul itself would become Turkish!

The truth is that this land is one and indivisible; its dualities, so apparently contrasting, are really complementary. The severance of one from the other would be a terrible blow to both.

QUESTIONS

BY H. R. B.

[*Observer*]

WHY did you come? My sky was calm and clear,
And happy was the shelter of my home.
How could I tell that you would grow so dear?
Why did you come?

Why did you go? Since having come to me,
And taught me God's most precious gift to know,
You show'd me all things other worthless be —
Why did you go?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WAYS OF MR. WELLS [1]

BY RICHARD CHURCH

MR. PREEMBY, alias Mr. Britling, alias Mr. Polly, alias Bert Smallways, alias Kipps, is a familiar whom Mr. Wells has always with him. Since we judge people by their friends, it will, perhaps, be useful to find out who this protean character really is, and what is the life-long attraction he has for Mr. Wells.

I think there is no doubt that he began his career, with his historian, in a little seaside provincial town, in the days of Joseph Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes, the Æsthetic movement, Gilbert and Sullivan, The Souls, first signs of Modern Labor unrest, jerry-building, and the beginning of cycling. The good Victorian earth was quaking a little just then, and certain truculences in the lower-middle and working classes were to be noticed side by side with a certain dimming of the splendid arrogance of the landed gentry. These two qualities, however, were but tentative things, completely overshadowed by that fierce, true middle-class materialism that had been growing all through the nineteenth century, and now threw off all pretense at modesty by taking up the banner of Liberalism and planting it in Mayfair and in those country mansions that could no longer be supported by the dwindled India House fortunes.

The newcomers, however, wanted luxury, and more wealth to provide more luxury. So they incorporated their religious conscience, their ethical creed, and their political bias, into one complacent working-proposition — individualism and the freedom of the individual. We see now that the emphasis was on the article, that '*the* individual' was a term that had as many interpretations as it had supporters.

So began the sanctification of the doctrine of 'self-help.' There was no escaping from it. Even the Oxford Movement had not succeeded in keeping it out of the Church. It was the sole tenet of Nonconformity. Science too succumbed, for the gentle and tentative Darwin was hastily thrust upon an innocuous throne — where he could be out of the way — and the theory of the survival of the fittest was boomed. The few uneasy chemists were silenced by being quickly absorbed into the research laboratories of the industrial concerns and made to work to a utilitarian end. They had no time even for physics, to say nothing of metaphysics.

So it seems that forty years ago there was no escape — absolutely none. It was your religious destiny, it was your biological necessity, it was your political duty, to *work!* But work had then a special meaning. It meant entering a factory, an office, a bank, a stock exchange, or any other institution that supported *the* institution, the Empire, the giant machine that was to exploit the whole world and convert it into dividends. There was no escape for the meek. They were *made* to inherit the earth. What else was there to do? The lower-middle-class lad was not able even to think of an alternative. The free education that he now received at the board school prepared him to

[1] From the *Calendar* (London literary monthly), *November*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become office or factory fodder. His Sunday school taught him the nobility, and his evening Polytechnic the utility, of that aim. There was no escape.

Mr. Wells, however, escaped; and he dragged his pathetic, sloping-shouldered, little familiar with him. What makes this important to us is the fact that the passive member of this escapade *was* the lower middle classes. It has been Mr. Wells's latest fancy to invest him with the dignity of Sargon, King of Kings. But Mr. Wells has always been doing that. Ever since in the *Wheels of Chance* he induced that little figure — rather like a meek, thin, underdeveloped specimen of Bairnsfather's 'Old Bill' — to slip away from the shop at Hythe and to set out on that perilous cycle-tour, he has been pumping his own inexhaustible energy into the pathetic rebel, driving him on through book after book to a more coherent, a more self-explained, and a more consciously ethical adventure in a world that Mr. Wells had discovered to be completely illiberal and nonindividualistic in the Victorian political sense of the words, because completely communistic, free, liberal, and individualistic in the natural and scientific sense of the words. No doubt the young adventurers did set off on the 'wheels of chance,' but one feels that it was something more than chance that caused the passive partner to have that cycle accident in the first book, and so to become a little queer, a little too unreliable to be of further use in the great industrial machine whose wheels went to the rhythm of 'Grab all! Grab all! Grab all!'

If it was not chance that provided the victim with a C3 certificate to save him from active service, what else could it have been? It was Mr. Wells's abnormal emotional genius. Only he can say how far it was conscious in those early days; but from a study of its later development, and its methods of development, we may suspect how that genius has led a sort of opportunist existence — conforming, thereby, to the line of conduct usual to genius, which, by its very transcendence of reason, must always be immediate, concrete, and unspeculative.

That enormous emotional energy I believe to be the mainspring of Mr. Wells's being. If we look at it from some points of view, it can appear to be disgusting. Indeed, throughout his work there is a quite strong suggestion of the lachrymose, a certain sponginess. But we must be careful how we condemn that, for it is also the moisture of fecundity — a kind of tropical exhalation favorable to enormous fruitfulness. It gives him a shamelessness, however, that is very un-English, for it saps all our insular and starchy dignity out of his character, making him springy and volatile — with a sort of divine treachery such as we associate with the Olympians. But we cannot wish this quality away from Mr. Wells, for it is so consistently a part of him. His elemental vitality is more than that of an individual — it is racial. See, for instance, how parental it is.

There was surely never such fervid portrayal of the love between parents and children as in his work. It even becomes, like his erotic love, almost indecent because of its fierceness. When Christina Alberta discovers her real father, we are aware of a new power in the story, as though the passion that slumbers in the Book of Genesis had crept in here. The deification of fatherhood almost terrifies us. Christina stands at the door of her studio saying good-night to her new-found father — poor little Preemby is forgotten for the moment; a mere ghost away there in the asylum. There they sat till one o'clock in the morning talking earnestly — the truth of their relationship tacitly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revealed. When they touch hands at parting one wonders what *will* happen next — what new demonstration of the merging of human being into human being, capable of expressing this agony of yearning, without slipping into the region of horror. But it is too much even for our modern Zeus, and he leaves it — the father and daughter just shake hands and say Good-night.

But however we may be shocked by this Olympian emotional force, we must feel that it is profoundly right, though it is subversive of our urban decencies and our antiseptic, sterile civilizations. For above all things — and this is what makes Mr. Wells so important — it is fruitful. It is eternally youthful — with all the bad taste and tactlessness of youth. It teems with hope, faith, and the undying and all-forgiving charity of true religious passion. Therefore, to-day, it makes Mr. Wells a prophet coming into his own. It takes him up, filling him with a strength beyond his comprehension, just as it made a Sargon of the pathetic Mr. Preemby. It sends the blood of the whole family of humanity surging through his veins, so that he feels and loves, brooding like a mother over her children. It is all so much more vital and creative than even the logic of Mr. Shaw, which encircles the temperate zones of the earth, sketching a logical and sanitary Utopia. Mr. Wells, in theory, would do the same, for he too has walked the wards of Fabianism: But that terrible force will not leave him among the textbook administrators and healers. It forces upon him — with all the immediate problems of the senses — the wistfulness, the humor, the well-nigh unendurable tragedy, of the individual in the grip of life.

Well-nigh! But this power in Mr. Wells comes with an exhortation to prolong the struggle, and tells us to believe in our blindness, and our failures, since they are a negative demonstration of sight, and of triumph.

Let us return to Mr. Preemby and his many previous incarnations through the fifty-odd Wells volumes. What are the most obvious qualities that he retains in all his various lives? They are meekness, allied to a sort of irrelevant pertness. The latter quality is difficult to define, but we must try to do so, for it is there with a large significance, since it is to provide the means for Mr. Wells and his enormous protégé to escape from the Moloch that has been described above. That pertness is a complicated quality because it has been cultivated as a means of defense against a complicated environment. It expresses above all things a sense of injury. In particular we see this factor of it in Mr. Polly and Bert Smallways. The antagonist is so much more powerful than these poor, unorganized Kippses, Smallways, and Pollys. One can play sly tricks on it, perhaps, but it wins in the end. Then, again, it is always so intangible. You think you have a definite grievance and can speak out to get it remedied. But no; the responsibility is shifted further away. Your foreman passes it on to the works manager. Thence it goes to the directors, — but they are responsible to the shareholders, — who, poor souls, are harassed by foreign competition. So there is added the quality of bewilderment to that pertness, and the victims become a little childish, with a tinge of the tragic Lear about them. It makes them irritable, too, as though some foolish practical joke is being played upon them day after day. To be poked and prodded by some unseen finger is devastating to one's dignity. One becomes a little demoralized, inclined to bluster, or on occasion to whimper and protest in a sort of whining way.

These are the slavish qualities. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beneath them there are the deeper feelings — the remembrance of a sordid childhood, of an adolescence robbed of its freedom to roam and select a vocation, of a young married life denatured by the all-pervading asafœtida of poverty. Then there is the constant sense of justice outraged, the buying and selling of souls, the veiled threat of starvation. Finally, and most deeply rankling, there is the constant patronage of poverty by wealth — that sin against the Holy Ghost in man.

This, then, is the complicated seed of rebellion that Mr. Wells found in his urban and suburban England. How did he educate it to action? He did so by methods congenial to its nature. He knew that it was too volatile and gutter-witted to be roused by a logical exposition of its wrongs. It was also too cowed to respond to an emotional appeal. But it was adept in ca' canny, in tricky evasion, for that had been found to be the only successful means of slipping the weight of one's harness. So Mr. Wells ingeniously adapted this faculty. He taught his people to utilize their ignorance — that result of the division of labor — and, by a gentle and almost unconscious exaggeration of their lifelong bewilderment, to render themselves useless to the Masters of the Machine. He taught them the opossum trick. By the nice people that too may be counted against him as bad taste. But he cannot be judged by such standards. He is vindicating the forces of nature — and nature is not above such tricks when it is a question of extinction or survival. In himself, he is completely unashamed, for shame is a flagging of vitality, and of that there is no sign in him. In his new book, *Christina Alberta's Father*, he harps on this theme, as though he recognizes the ostracizing finger of an outraged code of English manners. He says that 'perhaps all leadership is a kind of flight'; and, again, 'The world will never learn anything until it will learn from ridiculous people'; and again, 'I do not want to be a brilliant person. I want to be a vital part.'

That is a far remove from the Fabian days, and from the intellectual aristocracy of Mr. Shaw. But even Mr. Shaw seems to recognize the creative power behind these instinctive methods, for he tries to carry it into the character of Joan. It was not quite convincing, however. It seems to be introduced by intellectual conviction rather than by sheer irresponsible faith and energy. These sayings of Mr. Wells show that his conduct too is determined. But it is determined after the event. There is something in him that moves first. He acts; then thinks. Mr. Shaw writes about it as the 'life force.' It stirs and inflames Mr. Wells, working him up to almost uncontrollable emotional vision of a humanity that has never lost its fervor, or its inspiration to a Father above. He is truly on the side of the angels.

We see again why Mr. Wells is so important to us to-day. He is a man of faith. He is a man of works. That is to be Christlike, carrying in all one does an assurance of untold potentiality, so that every action has a symbolical value, and is an interpretation of all that has gone before. It is a key to some long-unsolved problem in the history of Man.

What richness this signifies! It means that, as Mr. Wells writes, the conscious illusion of his fiction is suffused by a vital spirit — his own dæmon, let us call it. It is the spirit, however, that carries an assurance of immortality, for it is ever-changing, ever new, ever creative, informing the word, the scene, with a special substantiality for every reader. To do that requires more than talent; it requires the vitality of genius.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KEYSERLING AS A PHILOSOPHER[1]

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

In the days when traveling was difficult, the resistance it offered was needful for the assimilation of foreign facts. Mind takes its own time in order to masticate and digest its experience while overcoming the opposition of the strangeness of things. That time was amply allowed to it when conveyances were slow and roads full of obstructions, when special conveniences and home comforts did not lure travelers to go on with their habitual life in unaccustomed surroundings. Anyhow, they were compelled to be serious, and never could be in a journalistic frame of mind, hurriedly taking notes of passing things, forming plausible conclusions on casual data.

The inevitableness of the differences between different races, living away from each other, is rarely realized in its full truth when we approach it too quickly and have no time to reach its significance. And yet it should be the aim of traveling, not merely to ascertain facts, but to own them through understanding. When Marco Polo came to the East, the vast space he had to cross laboriously disciplined him for the comprehension of cultures that were distantly apart from his own. He had the proper perspective of space, time, and struggle, which minimized the shock of all unexpected contacts without taking away the novelty of the unfamiliar.

To-day the Western holiday-makers who pay brief visits to Eastern countries, comfortably rushing across vast changes of environment, are unceremoniously hurled upon differences that are too obviously on the surface. Here they suddenly miss all the products of progress to which they have become accustomed, during the latest growth of their own civilization, since the time of their grandparents. In their own countries their consciousness is kept stirred all the time by a sudden and rapid extension of power that arouses in their minds the exultation of unlimited possibility. When they come to a continent where nature's great storehouse of wealth remains closed, and where people's minds are mostly preoccupied in following some time-honored rules which, as they themselves believe, give perfection to social life, it is no wonder that the strongest impression which these Western travelers carry away with them is that of the grayness of a blank existence. They fail to see anything significant because they miss here the intense light in which they habitually live. They believe that the obscurity is absolute; they see only the dusk, and very little of the world that lives and moves behind its screen.

It is even worse for those of the West who have the opportunity of living for a time among Eastern races. They seldom have any need to make any real adjustment of life to their surroundings. They carry their Western shell with them everywhere; they form exclusive communities of their own, and create round themselves an im-

[1] From the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* (Tagore's Calcutta journal), *October*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pervious atmosphere of prejudice altogether out of harmony with the land of their exile. The longer they live in such places, the more callously rigid grows their sheath, and the harder it becomes for them to understand their neighbors in their completeness of humanity. Their lengthy experience merely represents prolonged and toughened professional experience, which is a great hindrance to all real human knowledge.

Moreover, the natural difficulty in understanding alien culture and character has been augmented in the case of such Western sojourners by the utilitarian interests which most of them have in the East, giving rise to propaganda of misrepresentation. The weapon of publicity tipped with the insidious poison of calumny has become enormous in extent and power in Western political life. History is being falsified with more deliberation and cunning than ever before. Though such propaganda of distorted truths and fabrications has mostly been used by Western nations against one another, we ourselves are not safe therefrom — we who have not the various organized means of making our voice heard by the world.

Through this universal fog of mutual misunderstanding Hermann Keyserling's *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* comes to us like a streak of sunlight. It is a unique book, showing in the author that rare spirit of intellectual freedom which is a greater gift for the traveler than mere power of observation or scholarly equipment. It is said in the Upanishad that he who achieves spiritual serenity enters into the All. This is the highest privilege that man can earn for himself — to be able to make the universe his own, to find his place everywhere.

Traveling reaches its best truth when through it we extend our spiritual ownership in return for our gift of sympathy. The man who is proud of his mental exclusiveness sinks deeper and deeper into penury of soul the more he travels and the longer he resides in countries alien to his own. All that is physical and external is necessarily a barrier — it is to keep secure that which is within. Like the walls of a house, it has weight and dimension, and therefore it can easily be classified and compared with others of its kind; but it can be appropriated only so far as to produce the illusion that the entire thing is in one's possession even while that which is essential remains out of reach.

External material may yield rich strata of facts to science, it may have practical worth for gold-diggers and slave-drivers, and yet something which is profoundly valuable may ever be screened by it from the casual observer. Because of this drawback, it ultimately demoralizes men for whom it is the sole concern. For wherever our dealings with human beings are restricted to the material plane, whether in our own country or outside it, we lose the touch of the complete truth of man which only can save us from degradation.

The West may not be fully conscious of this, but there can be no doubt that its purely practical connection with non-Western races is injuring its moral nature, wearing away the sensitiveness of its inner organ which is for the full recognition of human truth. Man's selfishness, the principal aspect of *avidyá*, obscurity of spiritual vision, ever had its manifestation in his society, but to-day its field has become fatally vast, its instruments powerful and numerous, its temptations overwhelming. And therefore, apart from the material mischief it causes, its moral menace has become world-wide, lowering over all humanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is in these circumstances that we hail Count Keyserling's book as a great book, introducing for the first time in travel literature that philosophical illumination which lights up the inner recesses of man, where it is easy for us to realize the unity of kinship needed for true understanding of one another. It richly supplements the scientific method of collecting and analyzing facts, defining their immutable separateness. Here we see an unfettered mind crossing the exterior boundaries of facts, entering the realm of spirit where each one of us should be able to realize his own self in different moods and different stages of growth, having different problems to solve with the materials that are at hand; in other words, man should be able to find *himself* in every variety of manifestation, and should not merely recognize the fact of the differences, which is individual, but the meaning of their truth, which is universal.

The attitude of mind revealed in this book is even more precious than the fluidly suggestive speculations which run along its pages like reflections of light upon the current of a meandering stream.

THE WAGNER CYCLE AT BAYREUTH[1]

BY GUIDO MICHELLI

[THE year 1926 is the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the Wagner Opera House at Bayreuth. The following article is an account by an Italian music critic of a typical performance of the cycle, and a description of the famous theatre.]

THIS ancient and gracious Bavarian city strikes the eye of the visitor with a joyful display of forms and colors. Along the broad straight streets and the great tree-shaded avenues rise majestic mansions and elegant villas, all with their balconies and windows adorned with flowers — picturesque and variegated flowers, but without perfume.

It does not matter. The eye is gladdened by the iridescent and uninterrupted play of colors that sprinkle the buildings with the most animated variety of shades and tints. But this is only up above. The streets themselves are deserted: one would say that Bayreuth was an uninhabited city, even in the hours of ordinary traffic, in spite of the beautiful houses, the rich shops, the monumental churches, and the inviting gardens. The single characteristic note of life is struck by the continual going and coming of blonde Fräuleins on bicycles, pedaling gracefully and rapidly, equally unmoved by the indifference of the infrequent pedestrian and the curiosity of the stranger. The absence of crowds, however, is only apparent; there are people here, and in large numbers. When the day of a performance at the Wagner Theatre comes, Bayreuth changes its appearance. The broad avenue that leads to the hill dominated by the sumptuous edifice where the Wagnerian music is

[1] From the *Nuova Antologia* (Rome Liberal literary semimonthly), *November* 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tuning up is flanked by a fourfold line of people watching the cosmopolitan procession of pilgrims to the hearing of the musical cycle — self-possessed and motionless people who do not overstep by a millimetre the limit fixed for them, who do not have to be ordered back into place by the police, and who stand there for hours looking at the procession of arriving visitors and waiting for their return. Both occasions are animated and noisy, for the Wagner Theatre is approached only on foot or by automobile.

Carriages are stopped at the foot of the hill. The pedestrians go in one direction, the motor vehicles in another. A policeman presides at the centre of the avenue on a little stand, with his arm raised to indicate the direction to take, and all proceeds in meticulous order, with the discipline of perfect movement, without the least confusion, although there are hundreds of people who make the ascent every day.

Up there, on the sacred hill, a first performance of the season is taking place. The Wagner Theatre is surrounded by an immense park sprinkled with flower beds, bas-relief monuments, adornments of all kinds; and in the park the great mass of spectators, made up of people from every part of the world, who have come together here from the two Americas, from Asia, from Africa, from Australia, as well as from the greater centres of Germany, assemble for a preliminary pause. No one goes into the hall until after the rites of the divine Richard are celebrated. When he himself conducted the performance he was always the first to go in, and before that his faithful admirers paid homage to him. I do not know whether Siegfried Wagner still intentionally keeps up the tradition; certainly it is so deeply rooted in practice that it is observed nevertheless. Almost everyone remains outside until exactly fifteen minutes before the beginning of the performance. The brass instruments of the orchestra come out upon the terrace above the park, which corresponds exactly to the stage at the Wagner house, and play briefly and sonorously a few salient measures from the opera that is about to be represented: the motif of the Graal from *Parsifal*, the triumphal march from the *Meistersinger*, the song of Donnar from the *Rheingold*, the sword theme from the *Walküre*, the heroic fanfare from *Siegfried*, the burning of Valhalla from the *Götterdämmerung* — a few notes intensely suggestive, at which the chattering crowd falls silent as at a solemn appeal.

The musicians reënter, and in a moment the public falls into line and files into the theatre. There a marvelous scene presents itself: two thousand seats in tiers, at the top of which are but two boxes, one for the family of the Prince of Monaco, the other for the Wagner family, pillars, a vaulted ceiling, three stage-arches, seats — nothing else. A sober and austere place, a real temple of art and nobility. The performance begins with inflexible punctuality. The doors are closed and will remain inexorable to all demands for opening. The hall falls into darkness, and from the 'mystic gulf' where the orchestra is hidden rises, softly or stormily, lyrically or tragically, always solemnly and bewitchingly, the immortal voice of Wagnerian music. The operas are performed in their integrity, with a care, a skill, a precision, a warmth, and an interpretative affection that are absolutely amazing.

The richness and the verisimilitude of the staging cannot be described. The artists are recruited from among the most distinguished of all nations, and the orchestra, directed by Muck and Balling, the high priests of the German directorial podium, is made up of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most carefully selected talent of Germany. The ensemble that results furnishes an ineffable pleasure for the ear — so exquisite that for six hours of music (the signal for the beginning is struck at four o'clock and for the end at ten o'clock, and the *Rheingold* does not have the customary intermission) not the least sign of fatigue is to be observed. On the contrary, the applause at the end — except for *Parsifal*, which passes in the most complete silence — is so thunderous and so prolonged as to demonstrate unmistakably how genuine is the pleasure of those present.

National pride? Perhaps, because German subjects are evidently a majority notwithstanding the great number of foreigners; but undoubtedly it is a unanimous, authentic, and enthusiastic admiration for a type of production that cannot have its equal in any other theatre in the world. In fact, the technical devices that the Bayreuth theatre has at its disposal are very exceptional — large and well-drilled masses of performers, almost automatic synchronism of action, plays of light and shadow producing weird, ultra-natural results upon the stage, quick changes of scene operated by men and machines with magical celerity, electrical effects controlled from a central plant located in a large building next to the theatre. But above everything else there is the marvelous orchestra. The Wagnerian orchestra has been justly compared to a carpet over which pass the singing voices. Here, more than elsewhere, the instrumentation, in the hands of a hundred and sixty musicians, is flexible and harmonious beyond all imagination. This is achieved partly by the construction of the mystic gulf, which conforms to acoustic laws that make it possible for one not only to hear the whole fusion of the great ensemble but to detect with perfect clarity the individual sounds of each instrument.

Siegfried Wagner, who oversees personally the preparation of the operas according to the directions left by his father, allowed me, as a very special favor, to go down into this mystic gulf. It is an extremely original piece of work, consisting of a great shell-like space in which the huge orchestra takes its place in tiers that descend to a depth of twelve metres from the level of the stage. It is protected by a broad arch parallel with the first line of seats, so that none of the players is visible to the public, not even the director. Nothing is to be seen. One hears only a wave of sound projected from the open arch upon the stage itself, from which it returns to the audience together with the voices of the singers. The effect is wonderfully impressive.

A word ought to be said as to the artistic interpretation. Italians often imagine that Teutonic stiffness shows itself even in musical productions. Nothing could be more untrue. If there is always a certain heaviness in the rhythm, — a heaviness that in certain colorful passages, as for example the ride of the Valkyrs, contrasts a little with our exuberant Latin temperament, — yet, in every passage the performers appeared to be in vivid, palpitating, I might almost say caressing, accord with the true spirit of Wagnerian music. We must remember, moreover, that German choruses have sung Wagner for years, that they are intimately familiar with his themes and words and sentiment, and with the subtlest and most recondite nuances of his compositions. They are able, therefore, to render them with an assurance that makes possible the utmost freedom of scenic and choral invention. The mob scenes in the *Meistersingers* will suffice to give an idea of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this. On the stage there are about two hundred people, divided into three groups. As they scuffle, they continue to sing without thought or apparent effort. Yet, while not one needs to look at the director in order to take his cue, not one ever forgets his own vocal rhythm, although, given the confusion of the movement, that would be easy and excusable. The result is that the fugue comes out clear-cut and distinct. Not only can it be followed from the score without any fatigue, but a trained musician could write it out, as if from dictation, in the course of the performance.

The choral masses, with the orchestra and the mise en scène, are the unshaken and inexpugnable towers of this musical castle. However, not so much can be said for the voices. No exception could be taken to those in *Parsifal* or in the *Meistersingers;* but in the *Ring* there was a Siegfried who, although gifted with the best talents, posed in statuesque attitudes, while the forest boy's part was interpreted in a decidedly free-and-easy manner. The Brunhild, a perfect singer stylistically, had somewhat too low a voice and was incapable of rising higher, with the result that the *Hotojotoh!* was not given with the usual range. What was worse, she sang out of key. This was the only serious defect in the execution of the cycle.

Fortunately, all the rest was so beautiful as to compensate the listener and make him forget these individual shortcomings. The public, with tolerant good taste, made not a gesture of disapproval, but contented itself with applauding the Siegfried rather moderately — persuaded, perhaps rightly, that at this day it was the best that could be done in Wagnerian execution and interpretation.

When an act was over and the curtain had fallen the orchestra ceased playing, and all remained silent and seated until the lights were turned on. Then the theatre was emptied and the audience poured out to a near-by restaurant, a very large hall in which ladies in evening gowns and gentlemen in full dress seated themselves at long tables, giving the impression of a princely wedding-feast or of a garden party in a sumptuous villa. Then, as soon as the instruments give the signal for the following act, the spectacle I have described was repeated.

For the lovers of statistics I will add that the two thousand seats are bought up ahead of time, during the first ten days of January; that they cost thirty marks apiece; that they bring in sixty thousand marks an evening, but that this is scarcely sufficient to cover expenses, and so the cycle, which was formerly given annually, has become a biennial event.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ERNST TOLLER IN LONDON

THE famous German Communist playwright, Ernst Toller, author of *Masse-Mensch*, has recently been in England on a visit, and the *Observer* prints an interesting interview with him. One thing that impressed Herr Toller, according to the interviewer, was that the tempo of life in London is quicker than that in Berlin, and men view the world from a more stable point of view.

'You know, in Germany,' he said, 'we have had an unhappy time since the war, and men have become ill, suffering from the nervous strain. I am told that in London too men have been suffering from their nerves since the war, but I have not had the opportunity of seeing this aspect of the course of events. To me all your men seem calm. I believe people in Germany have suffered more than the English.

'The welcome that was given to me at the P.E.N. Club the other night I regarded as a welcome also to the younger generation of German writers. This generation, as I remarked in returning thanks, has lived through the awful experiences of the war, and through the mad dance of barbaric instincts. This experience has branded their art. They desire to discuss real things and real life, because they believe that the artist is responsible, not only for the face and the body, but also for the soul of society.

'The form of the young art is not classical. How indeed could it be classical if the times are chaotic and if the artist himself is plunged right into them? What the young generation seek even more than any previous generation is the handshake of their comrades in other lands. They believe the time of blind national feeling has passed, and that the unity of the world and of the art of the world is now really beginning.'

Mr. Toller had seen two plays at the time of this interview — *The Man with a Load of Mischief* and *The Madras House*. Mr. Fischer, a well-known German publisher, begged him, when he was coming over, to ask Mr. Ashley Dukes to give him the rights of his play, *The Man with a Load of Mischief*. There are already some translations of this play in Germany, and 'I hope,' Mr. Toller said, 'we shall see the play there.'

Of *The Madras House*, Granville Barker's recently revived comedy, he said it was very difficult for a stranger to pass judgment on it, especially on seeing the play for the first time and without having read the book. All his energy was concentrated on understanding the drama, and, while he was impressed with the artistic character of the scenes, some of the dialogue seemed to him to need compression. 'I believe,' he said, 'if it is played in Germany it would be better if it were compressed a little.'

A third play on his list for seeing is *Juno and the Paycock*. 'We do not know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Germany,' he said, 'much about the young English writers. Your older writers we know very well, of course, and of these the best known is Bernard Shaw. I have seen his *Saint Joan* in Czechoslovakia, in Germany, and in Switzerland. In Prague it was performed in the Czechoslovakian language, and in Switzerland, as in Germany, in German.'

Three plays by Herr Toller are about to be performed in Berlin — two revivals of the dramas, *Die Wandlung* (The Transformation) and *Der Hinkelmann*, the latter played by the Jewish Art Theatre of New York under the title of *Red Laughter*, and a comedy, *Der Entfesselte Wotan*, which he wrote during his imprisonment (1919–1924), on the subject of a barber who wanted to be the savior of the world.

✻

WHAT NOT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS; OR HOW TO INTERVIEW BARRIE

Mr. St. John Adcock tells an amusing Barrie story in an article in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*. An American woman journalist approached Mr. Adcock with the request that he give her an introduction to Sir James, or tell her how she could get an interview with him. Mr. Adcock had to answer both questions in the negative, whereupon she flung up her hands despairingly and burst forth: —

'I have been in your country three weeks and have been moving heaven and earth to meet Sir James Barrie, but he did not reply to my application for an appointment, and nobody seems able to help me. I have interviewed a dozen of your other celebrated authors, but I would sooner see him than all of them, and he 's the one famous man I can't come anywhere near. Yesterday I was in the country seeing Mr. X. (she named one of our most distinguished novelists). He was very nice and kind, but as soon as I led him to admit that he knew Sir James intimately and asked for an introduction, he froze up. "I never do that for anybody," he said. "If I did, Barrie would never forgive me." Well, I begged him to tell me what I could do; I would do anything sooner than have to go back home and say I had n't seen Barrie. "There *is* a way," he said, as if he were thinking it over. "But it will require a tremendous amount of courage." "Show me the way," said I, "and I 'll find the courage, however much it may want." "Very well," said he, quite seriously, "here 's your plan. You go up to Barrie's flat in the Adelphi, and you sit down just outside his door and make a noise like a lost child. As soon as he hears you, it will worry him, and he will come to the door himself and look out to see what is the matter, and there you are — he is delivered into your hands." "Oh, that 's nonsense," I told him. "If Sir James looked out and saw me — a woman of fifty — crouching there behaving like that, he would simply draw back and slam the door at once. And what would he think of me — at my

Sir James Barrie
[*Westminster Gazette*]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age! But, of course, you are only joking." "My dear lady, I am not," he said. "It is your only way. You must attend to details. Did n't you say your daughter had written to him from America for an autograph and he had sent it? Very well, that is your cue. The moment you hear him turning the handle you spring up and put your foot in as the door opens and cry in a loud voice, 'I understand, Sir James, you have been corresponding with my daughter, and I have come from America to know what it means.' Naturally he won't want you to shout things of that sort out there where everybody can hear, and he will invite you in."'

✻

A JAPANESE IRVING BERLIN

'ONE-LINE ragtime' is the phrase used by a writer in the *Japan Advertiser* to describe a type of short poem or song called Dodoitsu, used by Japanese singers to the accompaniment of the samisen. As in all Japanese poetry, the principle of order — what we should call the metrics — is a principle of syllable-counting: a single song consists of four 'lines' of seven, seven, seven, and five syllables respectively. As in the better-known 'hokku,' the poetic manner is intensely suggestive. Here is an example among the many that Mr. Setsuo Uenoda gives: —

A white heron, with its head cocked in hesitation, water-mirrors itself to see whether it is careworn.

Dodoitsu was invented by a vaudeville singer of Yedo, Senka Dodoitsu-bo, about eighty years ago. The story of its general acceptance is told picturesquely by the author of the article: —

One summer evening Dodoitsu-bo was invited by his patrons to go for a boat-ride on the Sumida River for the cooling breeze. In those days, taking the summer breeze by boating on the Sumida River was one of the most fashionable pastimes of Epicureans and pleasure-seekers. Promenaders with fans in their hands were out from early in the evening on the streets along both sides of the river. Countless lanterns hanging from the eaves of luxurious tea-houses, restaurants, and inns on the banks of the river flared and threw their light upon the water. Songs to the samisen came constantly from these summer resorts. On the water, numberless small pleasure-boats with their picturesque roofs glided leisurely as the boatmen leaned on their oars, propelling the pleasure-boats.

During the course of the evening Dodoitsu-bo boasted to his patrons that he would be able to hush all the merrymaking and songs in the other pleasure-boats on the river. Out of sheer pride in his voice, he took up a samisen and began to sing Dodoitsu in a fitful mood. As he predicted, the pleasure-seekers in all the other boats stopped singing to listen to Dodoitsu rendered by its originator. Dodoitsu-bo died in the fifth year of the Kaei Era (1853), but the tune he sang still continues to be popular to-day among the mass of people in the samisen world.

✻

FIELDING AND STEVENSON

PROBABLY not many students of English literature would take issue with Jakob Wassermann, the Austrian novelist, who says, in an article in the *Neue Freie Presse*, that Fielding's *Tom Jones* is the kind of book that makes wholly unnecessary a cultural history of the period in which it was written. Herr Wassermann rightly accepts the book as representative of the highest achievements of the English imagination in realistic fiction. His judgment of Stevenson will perhaps even now meet with less approval.

'Compared with Fielding,' he says, 'Stevenson is a minor figure. He has not the same force, the same vigor, the same high consequence. He is of a more elegiac type, and more æsthetically oriented. Further, he did not lead, as Fielding did, the life of a great gentle-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, and his literary life was too short. The epic writer of a more than "literary" importance is the product of a certain sum not only of personal but of national experiences, and he matured too late for that. A tale such as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which is highly thought of by his countrymen, shows, along with its striking inventiveness and its charming descriptive skill (with what sureness and precision, for example, in three or four strokes, in half a dozen cogent but discreet details, is a London advocate drawn!), his evident shortcomings. The theme, derived from Poe and E. T. A. Hoffmann, in spite of an elaborate development, does not succeed in rising above the bizarrerie in which the author's cleverness confines it.

'What attracts one particularly in Stevenson is his style, the delicacy of his touch, the finesse of his coloring, and the veil of melancholy that lies over his tales. For they are *tales*, in the fine old sense, unusual or strange events, recounted by one who transforms for his listeners bad luck or good luck or the mere pleasure of observation and experience into a restful feeling of having observed and experienced themselves.'

*

PIRANDELLO IN ROME AND FRANKFORT

A NEW play by Signor Pirandello — or, rather, an adaptation by another writer of a novel by him — has recently been performed at the Odescalchi Theatre in Rome, under the title, *The World of Yesterday*. From the accounts of the play we should judge that it is but one more vehicle for Pirandello's characteristic and perhaps somewhat monotonous sense of the perversity of human logic. It is the story of an old-fashioned wet nurse in a small Tuscan village who is ousted after thirty years of practice by a young university-trained woman from Turin. In the second act she is shown at a medical school to which she has gone in search of training that will enable her to compete with the newcomer. In the final act she is shown returning to her village only to find that her rival has in the meantime thrown over all her university airs and installed herself in Teresa's place without any pretense of superior technic. Even this brief outline of the play suggests that it is in no very different vein from *Right You Are if You Think You Are.*

One of the leading dramatic critics in Frankfort, where several of Pirandello's plays were given during a recent visit by the playwright, summed up his talent in these words: 'He is the poet of interrogation marks — of ingenious questions that life does not put. He troubles the little pool so as not to offer perfectly clear water, for clearness might be mistaken for banality.'

*

ONLY FOUR?

JEREMIAD of a Lancashire lawgiver, as reported in the *Westminster Gazette:* —

Mr. Austin Hopkinson, Ind. M.P. for the Mossley Division of Lancaster, addressing the members of the Mossley Conservative Club, said that in the ranks of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons there were at least four of the most appalling bores that ever sent Members of Parliament to sleep.

It is marvelous how the Liberal Party had collected such a lot of bores; they could never say anything that could possibly interest or inform anyone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The World Court, by Antonio S. de Bustamante, Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice. English version of the original Spanish and French editions. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

[*Revue de droit international et de législation comparée*]

THIS work is destined to hold first rank in the abundant literature that has grown up around the Permanent Court of International Justice. The author is himself a member of the Court, and brings to his study of this institution the fruit of his personal experience. He first traces simply and logically the origin of the idea of a court with world-wide jurisdiction and the efforts made before the Great War to establish such a tribunal, and then describes the organization, jurisdiction, procedure, decisions, and sanctions of the present Court.

[*Revue de droit international privé*]

THE author . . . does not conceal the difficulties, the conflicts of interests, the opposition, and the fears that the Court has encountered, but in spite of this he records a remarkable achievement. . . . He shows how . . . its jurisdiction is increasing daily through the adhesion of new States and the signing of new treaties.

[*Revue de droit international de sciences diplomatiques, politiques et sociales*]

IN a general way, the plan of the work, which is happily conceived and amply documented, is to trace the genealogy of the World Court, to describe the historical forces that have found their fruition in this institution, and to explain the organism itself in the light of all the doctrines and precedents that it incorporates. The author's thesis is worked out with the remarkable clarity that anyone who had ever heard this great jurist analyze a complex legal question, or had read his previous writings, would expect. The book is written with the background of a profound knowledge of international affairs and with the scrupulous objectivity of a mind trained in the impartial attitude of the bench.

The Region Cloud, by Percy Lubbock. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Scribner's. $2.50.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

WHAT makes it difficult to present the painter of genius in fiction is that painters of genius, as a rule, have very little to say for themselves. They are seen rather than heard. It is not so much that they are inarticulate, for they will often talk a great deal and well about subjects unconnected with their art, as that their art itself does not lend itself to verbal discussion by a person engaged in its practise. Pictures, like anything else, can be talked about from the outside, but when a painter can talk about his pictorial intentions he is generally a bad painter. He may have 'ideas,' but they are not pictorial ideas. It cannot be said that Mr. Lubbock quite convinces us that Channon was a painter of genius, — Channon himself talks far too much about his ideas and his intentions for that, — but he has certainly created the impression of a man of genius. Perhaps the fairest way to put it is that Channon strikes one as a man of genius who was a bit of a charlatan as a painter.

The theme of the story is the gradual discovery of Channon's vulgarity of soul by a young worshiper, Austin, himself a man of great if unrealized mental powers, whom Channon takes up as a sort of survival of his own youth and therefore capable of seeing him as he really is above the tumult of his success. Channon's vulgarity does not, of course, disturb the impression of his genius, because many men of genius have been vulgar; and one has, all through the book, the odd feeling that Mr. Lubbock has seen the man truly but mistaken his profession — as the reader will almost certainly mistake it in the first two chapters. Channon ought to have been a great operatic composer — of the Wagner type. At any rate, it is the excess of genius on the expansive side that he represents, just as Austin represents it on the side of caution. Austin is a little too nice for his job as a writer. It will be seen at once that contact between these two extremes of genius is bound to be fruitful in reactions, and Mr. Lubbock has followed them with exquisite perception and superlative art. It is in default of any other comparison that one says that he reminds you a little of Henry James, but there is really nothing to compare with the flexible grace and continuous movement of his narrative. The people — Mrs. Channon, Lady Cordelia, Bumpus, Sir James Clitherow (to call him 'R. A.' seems a clumsy dotting of *i*'s), and Streeten, 'a hollow-cheeked young man with a loop of black hair dipping over a large dead eye' — are reflected in the narrative as in a moving stream rather than presented directly. You see them in Austin's mind, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when they speak it is as if you overheard. The crisis comes when Austin brings to Channon 'the understanding that he does n't want,' and so, with Mrs. Bewlay, the companion of Channon's days of struggling, he is left on the rubbish-heap to muse upon the vision of greatness now masked by 'the region cloud.'

Broomsticks and Other Tales, by Walter de la Mare. With wood engravings by Bold. London: Constable; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

[*Morning Post*]

THERE is no such thing as a story for children unless by a process of eliminating those unsuited to children we arrive at a residue. It is a fairly large one. Children cannot be lumped in a mass, and the more earnestly one examines their likes and dislikes the more bewildering grows the search for any formula of what they most enjoy. But there are writers whose inspiration leads them to weave tales which many children appreciate, and among them Mr. de la Mare is a first favorite.

His method is an appeal to the imagination by creating an atmosphere of wonder, but this does not prevent him from giving that precise detail in concrete things that children love. He takes them into a world half-human, half-spirit, with an eeriness that Mr. de la Mare never resolves into reality. His stories lose themselves in a mist of enchantment. What do they mean? 'You must invent your own meaning,' he replies; 'I really cannot tell you.'

These qualities are all found in these stories, to perfection in 'Miss Jemima.' It is deliciously designed with a little girl interjecting in the recital of a story she knows by heart. Her eager excitement is imparted to the reader. An elfin spirit haunts the tale. Is it real or imagined by the story-teller? Readers may choose for themselves.

Sometimes Mr. de la Mare allows himself an extravagance, as in 'A Nose,' which is at odds with himself. But in his own domain of pensiveness, with a kind of gentle twilight, he is a master of the mysterious, creating for us an impression that the truest things in life are not those hedged round by reality, since there are more things than are dreamed of in a concrete philosophy. He may be congratulated on his illustrator, a young artist whose strong work does not explain but decorates the stories. It is better not to explain Mr. de la Mare.

France and the French, by Sisley Huddleston. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Scribner's. $3.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THIS book on France supplies a need, for there has been nothing of its character published since the war. Those who are led by its title to expect an imaginative essay on the French people will be disappointed. Mr. Huddleston does not display much imagination, he does not go deep; but he is a careful observer who has had many excellent opportunities for observation, and by dint of watching he has collected a vast amount of information. His book is a repository of facts, marshaled with judgment; as such it should assist in clearing away a whole maze of misconceptions and prejudices and serve as a sort of pocket encyclopædia on modern France. It is hard to think of any aspect at which he has not at least glanced. His book is divided into two parts: social and intellectual, and political and economic. In the first he deals with questions such as law, family life, the social classes, literature and the arts, science and education; in the second, with the constitution, politics, the army, immigration, the Church, the colonies, taxation and finance. Some of these chapters are fuller than others; that on literature is hardly more than a list of names, and he has here tried to achieve more than his space will permit; those on the finances, taxation, the problem of inflation, and foreign debts are, on the other hand, excellent summaries.

BOOKS MENTIONED

KEYSERLING, COUNT HERMANN. *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher.* Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. With portrait. Two volumes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $10.00.

WELLS, H. G. *Christina Alberta's Father.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS IN FRANCE

Ames neuves, by Henry Poulaille. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925. 7 fr. 50 c.

It is not surprising that the chief characters in all these short stories should be poor and unhappy little children, for the author has worked on the staff of *L'Humanité* and devoted much effort to attempts to improve the conditions of the lower classes. He knows his subjects, and, furthermore, his heart is touched by the rough treatment to which the tender souls of little children are exposed. In style the book is severe and restrained; there is no sentimentalizing except between the lines. By sticking to familiar ground and by not attempting too ambitious a performance, M. Poulaille is laying the firmest kind of foundation for a brilliant literary career. He is only thirty years old, but his work abounds in happy deft touches that many an older writer might envy. He will bear watching.

Maria, by Lucien Gachon. Paris: Éditions du Monde Moderne, 1925. 7 fr. 50 c.

This extraordinary book is not the work of a literary man at all; the author is an Auvergne peasant who has set down a piece of strict observation — a relation of facts rather than an ordinary novel. *Maria* has a peculiar quality of its own. It describes the daily life of a young peasant girl who marries, after a certain amount of family bickering, settles with her husband's people, and then just goes on living a monotonous round of hard work and meagre pleasures. Her character, which is not a very subtle one, is admirably drawn — her calculating impulsiveness when in love, her kindness toward her husband and his family, her pride and her hardness. She is guided instinctively by peasant traditions of economy, self-interest, and vanity. M. Gachon's style is surprisingly smooth; nature and art are delicately blended, and the result is a literary curiosity that is also a literary achievement.

La Revanche, by André Thérive. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925. 7 fr. 50 c.

Here is something in the traditional French-novel vein. The setting is a provincial town, the characters include an old couple, their great-niece, her uncle, and the uncle's illegitimate son. In obedience to the wishes of his brother and sister, the uncle does not recognize his offspring. End of Part I. The second part of the book tells of the attempted revenge of the illegitimate son, who tries to accomplish the ruin of his legitimate cousin, Cécile. His efforts are unsuccessful — though the same thing cannot be said of the author, who has shown us a little corner of French provincial life in clear, easy prose that is a delight to read.

Roux le Bandit, by André Chamson. Paris: Bernard Grasset, Les Cahiers Verts, 1925. 9 fr.

The truth of the matter is that Roux was really not a bandit at all. He simply refused to serve in the French army during the war, and fled to the mountains, where he assumed the triple rôle of cave-man, prophet, and conscientious objector. His fellow townsmen treated him like a monster of iniquity, like a deserter under fire. But at the end of the book he comes into his own and explains why he was too proud to fight. The story is told with great economy through the medium of an old Cévennes peasant, a touch that gives the book real local color without afflicting the reader with the difficulties that dialect is heir to. M. Chamson is a young writer, and this is his first book to find a Paris publisher.

L'Homme couvert de femmes, by Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1925.

According to confidential advices just received from Paris, this book is going to cause some excitement. The title is a happy one, for wherever the hero goes he creates a panic among the petticoats. He breaks all the rules of successful love-makers, yet his fascination is fatal, his flair flawless. The theory that he works on — intuitively, of course — is to say just what he thinks on all occasions. Yet he knows what he is doing at every moment; his head is always quite clear. Being a gentleman of refined sensibilities, he prefers a pretty, tender-hearted girl to the type who is a bear at intellectual conversation. In plan the book is a hodgepodge, but there is enough material in it for a dozen ordinary novels. The author, a veteran of the war, is a man of turbulent personality who has attracted an enthusiastic following.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Students ✓ Teachers ✓ Publishers

A Triangle of Common Interest

SERVED BY

The Magazine World

For Students —

An attractive school periodical reprinting the best stories and articles from all the standard magazines.

For Teachers —

A monthly text book of current literature designed to introduce the best things on the newsstand.

For Publishers —

An opportunity to familiarize young readers with the interesting features of their magazines.

The *Magazine World* is published under the same Management as the *Atlantic Monthly*. A release is made each month from October through May.

CLUB RATES FOR SCHOOLS

Send No Money with Order

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

THE MAGAZINE WORLD, Concord, N. H., *or* L.A. 1-16
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me ..... copies of the *Magazine World* which I may offer to my students at the special rate of 20c per copy. After ten days I will return any copies which have not been used, remitting at 20c each for the copies retained.

Name.....*School*.....

Street.....*City and State*.....

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIANS of the ENCHANTED DESERT

By LEO CRANE

Illustrated from many photographs, this book of Leo Crane's does successfully for the Enchanted Empire what has previously been merely attempted. Tourists and artists have tried, and in vain, to do justice to the majesty of this desert and its colorful inhabitants.

Because Mr. Crane has governed four different Indian reservations he has had an unparalleled opportunity to develop the true understanding of Indian problems, which is exhibited in his account of the mysterious rites, subtle psychology, and involved folk-lore of these Hopi and Navajo tribes.

H. L. Mencken says: "Here, for the first time, Thither Arizona begins to exist. The book is charmingly written. It avoids laborious details. It is a panorama of beautiful things, and a narrative of hard and useful work done in a lonely place, without thanks and against depressing difficulties."

Illustrated, 350 pages, gilt top. $5.00

MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS

By HANS COUDENHOVE

Hans Coudenhove is another writer who knows whereof he speaks — and his description of his permanent home in Nyasaland is based on real living experience. Eminent naturalists have declared that his observations are remarkably keen and accurate. However, his scientific trend in no way obscures the entertaining descriptions of his black friends and the idiosyncrasies of his pets.

"In spite of his absences from all civilizing influences, Hans Coudenhove is indubitably a cultivated and contented man. Furthermore, he is a delightful raconteur with a rare fund of first hand information about wild life, human and otherwise." — *Chicago Daily News.*

Illustrated, 300 pages. $2.50

At all booksellers

We supply all books advertised or reviewed in the* Living Age, *as well as any book in print, at the usual retail price. Send for catalogues.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP
8 Arlington St., Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find..... (or charge my account) and mail, postpaid, books checked.

Name.....

Address.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED